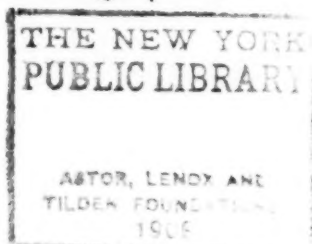


AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JANUARY, 1843.



Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF FASHION:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, after an Original Drawing by WILSON.

THE HEN ROOST:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, after PATERSON'S copy of a painting by BATEMAN.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

Postscript!

Prospect of Three Great Matches in the South-west !

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 13, 1842.

My Dear Sir:—You will have the kindness to insert the following proposition in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times :"—

"A Proposition has been made by an old and responsible turfman of the Old Dominion, (and accepted on the part of the South-west,) that he can name three horses by the first day of March, 1843, which can beat any three horses which can be named on the part of the South-west, at Two, Three, and Four mile heats, for Five, Ten, and Twenty Thousand Dollars, a side—half forfeit. The races to take place over the Louisiana Course, at New Orleans, the Fall Meeting, December, 1843.

"The South-western party to name their horses upon the receipt of the nominations by the other party, and to pay their contingent expenses.

"Communications on the subject to be addressed to THOS. EUBANK LEEFE, Corresponding Secretary of the Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans."

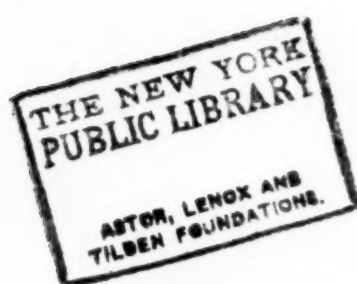
RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S.C. - Washington Course, Annual J. C. Meeting, Wednesday, 22d Feb.

COLUMBIA, S. C. - Annual Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Tue-day, 10th Jan.

RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday in May.

TALLAHASSEE, Flo. Marion Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Jan.





T. A. S. E. I. O. IV.
AND HER JOCKEY, JOSEPH LAIRD.

8971

NOTICE

OF THE AMERICAN

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FASHION,

THE CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY WILSON.

In the xiith volume of this Magazine, page 685-7, will be found the details of the pedigree, characteristics, and performances of Fashion, to the close of the campaign of 1841. In the subsequent volume, (the xiiith), at pages 81-4, and at pages 367-80, will be found (with a portrait) a further description of her, and a report of her great match with Boston on Long Island, for the championship of the Turf. The portrait alluded to was executed on the same canvass representing one of her half brother Mariner, to neither of which was adequate justice done by the different artists employed, though an extravagant price was paid both to the painter and the engraver. Under these circumstances, the publisher of the "Turf Register" has felt it due alike to Fashion, her owner, and to his subscribers, to endeavor to procure a more faithful likeness of the phenomenon, whose surpassing game and speed reflects such infinite credit upon the High Mettled Racers of the United States. With this view he employed the talents of Mr. Wilson, an eminent portrait painter of this city, who succeeded, a few weeks since, in making a life-like and most effective drawing of her, with her capital jockey—young Laird—upon her back. Mr. Dick has been equally successful in transferring to his engraving, the spirit and effect of the original sketch, so that our readers and the public can now assure themselves that the portrait before them is a good likeness of the winner of "the best race ever run in America."

Since her extraordinary race on the 10th of May last, Fashion has not less distinguished herself by two remarkable races at Camden and Trenton, with the gallant Blue Dick, in the last of which she again beat the time of Eclipse and Henry! In her four races at four mile heats (and she has walked over on the Union Course, for a Jockey Club Purse of \$1000,) she has three times run a heat in "the thirties." Any one of her races at this distance would have given her a very elevated position among "the Cracks of the Day." As a matter of easier reference and comparison we subjoin, from the "Racing Calendar," a summary of her unsurpassed performances, at four mile heats.

FASHION'S RACES AT FOUR MILE HEATS.

1841—PHILADELPHIA, Camden Course, N. J., Oct. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$800. free for all ages. 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue, (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 4 yrs *Joseph Laird*. 2 1 1
 Dr. G. Goodwyn's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) b. h. *John Blount*,* by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs *John Ferrell*. 1 2 dr
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. *Boston*,† by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs *Craig*. dist.

| First Heat. | | Second Heat. | |
|--------------------------|-------|---------------------------|------|
| Time of first mile | 2:00 | Time of first mile | 1:59 |
| " " second mile | 1:53½ | " " second mile | 1:47 |
| " " third mile | 1:48 | " " third and | 4:02 |
| " " fourth mile | 2:00½ | " " fourth miles | |
| Time of First Heat | 7:42 | Time of Second Heat | 7:48 |

* Blount broke down at close of 2d heat. † Boston dead amiss. Course not very well adapted for making fast time.

1842—NEW YORK, *Union Course, L. I.*, May 10.—Match, The North vs. The South, for \$20,000 a side, \$50.00 forfeit; weight for age, as above. Four mile heats.

Henry K. Toler's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joseph Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Bail's Florizel, 9 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

| First Heat. | | Second Heat. | |
|-------------------------|-------|-------------------------|-------|
| Time of first mile..... | 1:53 | Time of first mile..... | 1:59 |
| " " second mile..... | 1:50½ | " " second mile..... | 1:57 |
| " " third mile..... | 1:54 | " " third mile..... | 1:51½ |
| " " fourth mile..... | 1:55 | " " fourth mile..... | 1:57½ |

Time of First Heat..... 7:32½ Time of Second Heat..... 7:45

Course in good order.

1842—PHILADELPHIA, *Camden Course, N. J.*, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, free for all ages, weight for age, as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joe Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

| First Heat. | | Second Heat. | |
|-------------------------|------|-------------------------|-------|
| Time of first mile..... | 1:53 | Time of first mile..... | 2:02 |
| " " second mile..... | 1:54 | " " second mile..... | 1:56 |
| " " third mile..... | 1:54 | " " third mile..... | 1:57 |
| " " fourth mile..... | 1:57 | " " fourth mile..... | 1:57½ |

Time of First Heat..... 7:38 Time of second Heat..... 7:52½

Course not in good order for making time.

1842—TRENTON, N. J. *Eagle Course*, Nov. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue, (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joseph Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

| First Heat. | | Second Heat. | |
|-------------------------|-------|-------------------------|------|
| Time of first mile..... | 1:55½ | Time of first mile..... | 1:59 |
| " " second mile..... | 1:53½ | " " second mile..... | 1:55 |
| " " third mile..... | 1:53 | " " third mile..... | 1:54 |
| " " fourth mile..... | 1:54 | " " fourth mile..... | 2:02 |

Time of First Heat..... 7:36 Time of Second Heat..... 7:49

Course in good order, but 20 feet over a mile.

To this day, the Sporting World can hardly realize the fact that after her race at Camden, in 7:38—7:52½, *Fashion* should have run another race within a week in 7:36—7:49, beating the time of *Eclipse* and *Henry*! And yet at Camden all agree that she was not herself—not in condition for a bruising race! She is, indeed, a phenomenon—a prodigy! If her reputation was based on a single race—on that with *Boston*, for instance, in 7:32½—7:45, it might seem that there was a chance to beat her yet—that some new horse might spring up that could show her the way to the winning post. But we are fearful, now that *Boston* is coming ten years old, that no such horse *will* spring up. *Fashion*, people begin to find out, has an awkward way of running her four mile races down in the thirties! She has too much foot for the fleetest, and too much game for the stoutest. *Blue Dick*, who has long had the public reputation of being the fastest horse in the country, (though not so fast as either *Boston* or *Cassandra*.) cannot run mile heats with her! Those who thought differently at Camden—and there were many who thought he could beat her a single three miles—were undeceived at Trenton. She made still better time in the second race, and beat him still easier. No one knows her speed, or can estimate her powers of endurance; her owner and her trainer have no idea of what she can do, though they have the utmost confidence in her ability to run a four mile heat in the twenties, and repeat it in the thirties!

"Observer," the excellent correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," and the "Judex" of the American Sporting World, makes the following sensible remarks upon the performances given above in a "Review of the late Campaign:"—

"Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue!" seems to be reverberated from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. *Blue Bonnet* has won the great St. Leger, at Doncaster; and the *matchless* daughter of the Bonnets o' Blue, by her splendid achievements, has won for herself unfading fame in our land. To resist *Fashion* has been worse than fruitless. It has been a losing game. She is not only decidedly at the head of the 'Turf, the most renowned race mare that has ever run in America, and one, in my very humble judgment, that could beat any race horse now in England, in a run of four miles; but is also the best race horse ever foaled at the North; a worthy descendant of *Reality*, [so felicitously named,] "the best race nag" her intelligent and experienced owner "ever knew;" one that he believed "could run *both* her heats of four miles in 7m. 40s." This, taken in connexion with the unexampled performances of her grand daughter, we can readily credit. *Either* of her four extraordinary races of four mile heats, the state of the three-different courses being considered, throws the boasted achievement of *Eclipse*, his only remarkable race, entirely in the shade. *Fashion* on the same course, rendered memorable by his then unprecedented exploits, and when not so favorable for speed, won *each* of her two heats in about five seconds less, and almost without persuasion, than the severest flagellation and the closest competition could get out of *Eclipse*. On the heavier course at Camden, she won in about the same time as *Eclipse*, without being let out in the second heat; and the next week, at Trenton, surpassed his time, actually concluding the second heat *in a trot* in 7m. 49s.! Yet her recent achievements do not exhibit the same speed as in her match with *Boston*. In her races against *Blue Dick*, a horse of almost matchless speed for three miles, no mile has been run faster than 1:53, two miles in 3m. 47s., three miles in 5m. 41s., and four miles in 7m. 36s., *Blue Dick* being well up at the finish. In her match with *Boston*, one mile [the second] was run in 1m. 50½s., two miles in 3m. 43½s., three miles in 5m. 37½s. [faster than any three miles by *Blue Dick*,] and four miles in 7m. 32½s.! The first heat being 3½ seconds faster than her first, the best heat against *Blue Dick*; and the second heat with *Boston* four seconds faster than either of her late second heats.

These brilliant achievements cannot fail to be very gratifying to me, having expressed an opinion after her first victory, last year, at Camden, that "*Fashion* had acquired more celebrity than *Boston* or *Eclipse* at her age, and has already won nearly as many races" [now more] "as the latter. When the Camden and Union Courses are compared, as applicable to speed" [I added] "her last performance fully equals, if it does not surpass *Eclipse's* vaunted achievement," having on other occasions predicted that it would be surpassed, whenever two first rate competitors should meet on the Union Course, under the same circumstances. However, I am

not yet prepared to elevate Fashion, although his victor, quite as high as the exalted station occupied by Boston, when I reflect upon his previous long and unparalleled career, of about 40 *triumphs*, as well as upon the manner in which he was ultimately vanquished. I entirely subscribe to your opinion of him, that "no horse ever had a higher reputation, or sustained it more nobly:" that "his career has been brilliant beyond all comparison, and he leaves behind him no superior." He has indeed filled the full measure of his glory. "Requiescat in pace;" as he has certainly gone the pace in a most extraordinary way. At five years old, the age at which Fashion and Blue Dick acquired such fame, after his running three miles in 5:36½, had Charles Carter have been able to have kept him a going another mile, I have little doubt he might have run it in 1:53, or under, which would have reduced the heat from 7:40, to 7:29½, or less, bringing it within "the twenties," an achievement not yet performed on any round course like ours.

But Blue Dick, though "no Boston," and "beat by Fashion," as predicted by your Washington correspondents, has proven himself a better four mile horse than they had believed him to be. "Middleton" was correct, that, in his race with Pryor, he might have reduced either heat five seconds; that would have caused the time of his second heat to have been the same as at Camden. In his race at Washington, the course being perhaps as heavy as at Newmarket, when *Henry* ran his "trial race," as it was termed, against Betsey Richards, [Gano's dam], the fortnight preceding "the great match," the two heats were almost precisely as Henry's race, with Southern weights too, except that Blue Dick's second heat was half a second the fastest: 7:54—7:57½. Boston at Newmarket ran a second heat, beating *The Queen* and *Omega*, in 7:52, two seconds faster than Henry's best heat, and excepting Boston's heat with *Andrewetta*, 7:50, the fastest on the course. It is fair to conclude that Blue Dick would have been well matched against Eclipse, speed having been the forte of each.

Next to Fashion, *Miss Foote*, in Kentucky, has acquired the most fame by her two races "in the forties," and a second heat in 7:40. [She had won a 2d heat at New Orleans in 7:35, carrying light weight.] I am inclined to believe it was fortunate for *Zenith* that he did not enter the lists with a nag of such approved bottom. His might have been the fate of Blue Dick, in decking the brows of another with his verdant laurels.

We have only to add that Fashion is in her usual winter quarters at Mr. Laird's, in New Jersey, and that she is in robust health. It is to be wished that the efforts to make up another great match may be successful, and, judging from the propositions now flying about from one section of the country to the other, we indulge a confident hope that ere long we shall be able to announce

"A consummation [*so*] devoutly to be wished."

OLD DOGS AND YOUNG ONES.

THERE is no comparison between old dogs and young ones. I care not how steady and quick your young dog may be ; give me a steady old dog, whether spaniel, setter, or pointer ; I would not even except what is called a worn-out dog if the game is plentiful, the covert light, and the scent indifferent—provided that he be not a crippled wretch, past all work, and fit only to linger out his days as an old favorite ; for I abhor the thought of hanging, drowning, or shooting a faithful servant. I remember some years ago that I had a very fine young pointer, and got a day's shooting at the Duke of Bedford's at the time, and took him with me, leaving an old bitch at home that had seen thirteen seasons. I had good cause to repent it ere an hour had passed, nor did I bag more than two-thirds of the game which I could have done with old Doll. As soon as we got well amongst the partridges, I saw he was not truly steady : bird after bird he ran up, and hare after hare. I own the scent was not good, and that the birds were shy and the hares wild, for the day was a little stormy. Had it been otherwise, I believe he would have acted differently. Then we came to little manœuvring—that is, we ought to have come to it, when the birds set off running—for the season was somewhat advanced, it being the 23d of November. Here again he was at a loss, and I wanted the old bitch to run her circles round them, and, getting the wind, plant herself between me and the covey like a statue. By and by, as the day drew on, we found several pheasants in the turnips, and here again the advantages of age over youth, experience over the green-horn, was more perceptible. He was quite at a loss on the pheasant's trail. He kept it for thirty yards very well ; that is, with a little checking and keeping steady ; and then, either giving it up altogether or running in, away went the bird, and no shot. And yet this was a splendid young dog—in his fourth season too, and one that made one of the best in this part of the country.

If this rule prevails with pointers, it will be conceded by every Sportsman that it is still more evident with setters : and among spaniels, I will undertake to say, that a good old dog is equal to three young ones. In nineteen cases out of twenty, your spaniels go too fast, and spring the game out of shot. I do not speak of noisy wild spaniels, but of good dogs which hunt to hand and understand their work—such as you can take into a thick stubble or high turnips, and kill partridges with. Even these in a wood, especially a high wood where there is little ground-covert, will spring the pheasant out of distance occasionally. No, there is no dog equal to a sensible, well-seasoned, slow old spaniel. I say *sensible*, because, making all allowance for the different degrees of instinct in dogs, no dog becomes sensible—his instinct does not serve him—until he has had the experience of several seasons, different coverts, and varied game. I had a spaniel once that I used to shoot snipes to ; but it took years to teach him his trade, and I

lost some scores of shots in his training. I was young, snipes abounded, and I determined to have a retrieving spaniel perfect at the sport, and I had one. Still it was a waste of time, and it must always be a work of time in dog, man, and horse, before either can attain to perfection.

It may be said by some, on reading this paper, "Aye, but if you had had old Doll out at the Duke's, you would have got on no better." I answer, I saw the young dog do ill the same thing which I had seen her do well a hundred times; and I never saw him attempt that which the old one would have practised with success twenty times in the day. Again, it will be urged by many, "You tell us what we already know, and bring forward acknowledged facts as if *you* only knew them, and warn us against errors which *every* man knows and shuns." I am not so sure of that. I have known even men of forty esteem a young dog or a *new* dog better than an old one: and when I was about three-and-twenty, I fooled away a fine old pointer which had been given to my poor father for a young setter with a splendid stern, fashionable color, bred by an Earl's keeper, and broke by a crack hand. He was a good dog notwithstanding; but then he *knew nothing* in comparison with poor old Hector. Enough! my object was to tell my tale of experience, to speak a few words in favor of old friends, and I have done it.

One word more: I have a spaniel now, and have had him nine seasons. There is a little spinney in which I am sure of pheasant whenever I beat *that* lordship, if it is driven the right way from the river; and I have seen the old dog, when we got within reach of it, enter it at the right quarter and beat it as truly and right as if he understood what was wanted: nay more, to test him, I lent him to a friend two or three days, and he did the same thing as regularly as if his own master had been there to make him.

H. J.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

THE HEN ROOST.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY DICK AFTER PATERSON'S COPY OF A PAINTING BY BATEMAN.

Through every homestall and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own;
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
In the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deserved. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamor loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast.

SOMERVILLE.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 674.

ON THE RACE COURSE.

THE form and length of a race course, must depend on the space of ground the neighbourhood may afford; generally speaking, our country courses are most of them round. As four mile heats are not so much run now as they formerly were, a well formed two mile course, or a round course of this length, is quite sufficient. In running for most plates, the starting post is also the winning post. This gives the spectators an opportunity of seeing from the stand, the starting, as well as the coming in of the horses, and this, at some of our great country meetings, is as much an object of amusement to them, as the running is of interest and consequence to the men of business. At Newmarket, where they do not run heats, and where they seldom run long lengths, most of the courses are straight, or nearly so, which renders them much less difficult to run over, than a round course, both for the horses and jockies. All the horses trained at Newmarket, stand in or adjacent to the town, which is a great advantage; for as I have already noticed, horses give their races more kindly in running to their stables, than in running from them.

But with respect to the making of race-courses, they are sometimes made in the form of the figure 8, or of any other figure that may be convenient, of from one mile to four; fortunately, however, a course not exceeding a mile in extent is not very frequently met with. There are too many turns in a round course of this length. A long striding horse running on such a course is too frequently turning, or if the turns are but few, they are mostly difficult for such a horse to make at his best pace. The little or middle-sized hearty horse, that is a pretty round goer, has a short but quick stride, gives his race kindly, is easily held, and is ready at his turns, is the sort of horse most likely to come first on such a course. Indeed, a large long striding horse, and more particularly a free runner, cannot be got to run in his best form, with safety, round so small an extent of ground as a mile. The owner would be a bad judge who would bring his horse to post, to run on so small a course.

In making a two mile round course, the first thing to be considered, after having surveyed the ground, is whether the horses shall have to run to the right hand or to the left. This will depend on the most advantageous way the ground can be chosen. Should there be a very steep piece of ground, in any part of it,

and more particularly should it be in that part where strong running might likely be made, or, where perhaps with some horses it were proper to be made, to run up such ground would be preferable to running down it, and it would be giving an equal chance to different descriptions of horses; for the greatest part of the ground of a two mile course is mostly flat, which, when not too deep, is an advantage to the long striding horse; but if there is a pretty good hill in it to ascend, the little close-made horse, if he has good action, can generally climb it the best; and if by making a course to run to the left hand, we avoid running down a very steep hill, it would be preferable to have it go in the above direction.

I have already observed with regard to running over a two mile course, that the post the horses start from, is also the winning post; but in order to decide correctly the coming in of the horses, a second post is necessary, and this must be placed immediately opposite, or in a parallel line with that behind which the judge stands; as one of the principal objects in placing this post here, is, its being a fixed point to enable the judge to decide accurately on the smallest part of that horse's head which may first appear in a line with these two posts. The post I have here mentioned may be called the starting, the winning, or the weighing post; as on a two mile course it answers all these purposes. It is to be observed, that in fixing the above two posts, they are to be so situated on the course, as to divide the best part of the ground into two portions: one of these portions of ground is for the start, the other, which is of far more importance, is for the horses to run in upon. This part of the course should be straight and level; if it deviates at all from the latter it should be in a gradual ascent to the winning-post. The whole of the posts for marking out the ground should be painted white, and must be placed at such convenient distance one from the other, as to admit of each being easily seen by the jockies in the running; and to prevent them from getting too close to the large posts, the better way is to bank them up from a pretty wide basis, for three or four feet, as advised in the Racing Calendar by the Stewards of the Jockey Club; and for any particular purpose for which a post may be intended, independently of its use in marking out the ground, such post should be marked accordingly on the top part; for example, when shorter lengths than two miles are to be run.

Supposing the course I am now arranging to run to the right hand, and that there may be rather a difficult turn to make in it. Instead of such a turn being made by the jockies' laying a little out of their ground sufficiently early for the purpose of making it, as was formerly the practice, and which was not only dangerous, but has often been the cause of disputes on the subject of foul riding, I would recommend the adoption of the following plan, which would not only prevent accidents, but every thing unpleasant which may occur in running for the turn in the old way. The turn had better be made by an additional number of sight posts, which should be placed wide of such turn, sufficiently early, so as gradually to form and enlarge the sweep the whole of the way round as much

as possible. Making a turn in this way will not only be much safer, and prevent disputes, but it will be giving a more equal chance to the very light weights, who are many of them boys, and who are not so experienced in running for a sharp turn, as some of the older jockies. An experienced jockey coming well placed to a turn, and having the whip hand, would not, perhaps, feel much delicacy, when in running for it, to lay a young inexperienced jockey boy a little out of his ground here, the old one knowing that half a length got here, is worth two or three in straight running.

I believe, on all courses, there is generally plenty of room for any reasonable number of horses to run abreast ; but in the running between the rails, as we here form the breadth ourselves, we should take care to have a clear space between them of twenty-five yards. These rails, on each side the course, should commence at least a quarter of a mile below the winning-post, and should be continued two or three hundred yards beyond it. Indeed, the further the rails are continued on all courses, the better.

At such racing meetings as are numerously attended by spectators, there is generally a space of ground of about ten or a dozen yards in width, and about one hundred or two in length, railed in on the right and left of the course for people on foot. This is a very good plan, as it protects them from the horsemen and carriages. In coming in on the right of the course, there should be two distance-posts ; the first of these posts is to be erected two hundred and forty yards from the winning-post—the second one hundred and twenty from it. The first of these posts is the distance-post when the horses are running four miles ; the second when they are running two miles.

Attached close to, and in the rear of the winning-post, should be a small wooden stand, erected for the judge to stand in to decide which horse comes first in the race. There should be to each of the distance posts a similar but a more temporary sort of stand. Each of these temporary stands may be made by putting two posts at a suitable distance in the rear of each distance-post, with a piece of board in the centre ; but this board at each of these posts should be two or three feet higher than the floor of the judge's stand, so that the man in the distance stand may clearly see the winning-post, and be ready to drop the distance-flag immediately with that at the winning-post.

The stand, or as it is sometimes called, the grand stand, which is erected for the accommodation of the spectators, is generally placed on the right of the course. The under part may be conveniently arranged for the vending of refreshments. It should be built at a distance of from twenty to five and twenty yards in the rear of the rails of the course. The end of this stand need not be in a direct line with the winning-post, but may come within about ten yards of it. The height and dimensions of such stand must, of course, depend very much on the extent or importance of the meeting held in the neighborhood. Close up to, and in a parallel line with the rails of the course, and opposite the centre of the grand

stand, should be erected a small round building, eighteen feet in circumference, clear of the walls, which should be eighteen feet high. This building being divided by a floor in its centre, the lower part is for a weighing house, (the door of which should face the stand,) the upper part is for a stand for the stewards, for whose convenience a communication may be made by a staircase out of the weighing-house, and on the roof there should be a bell to ring for saddling. In the centre of the weighing-house, the scales and weights should be placed. It is the case, at most of our principal meetings, and it should be so at all of them, that one scale should be made in the form of a chair, and suspended the same height from the ground as the seat of a chair would be, with a half back, made round in the form of an arm chair; and an iron triangle of proper dimensions should be fixed to the end of the beam, for the purpose of keeping the ropes that are attached to the beam sufficiently extended upon top so as not to interfere with the jockey's head when he is weighing. This would be much more convenient, as he could more readily sit down in this scale, take his saddle and trusses in his lap, and weigh with more dispatch and with less difficulty than with scales put up in the common way. There should be seats round the walls of this weighing-house, and pegs for the jockies to hang their clothes on. Cupboards would also be convenient here, to hold the trusses and small weights, as occasion may require; for there are many jockies at several of our country meetings who are employed to ride for a variety of masters, and sometimes, different races for their first or principal masters, which obliges them to vary their weights, and occasionally to shift them from one saddle to another. When the weights do not run high, and a jockey can come to the weight himself, dead weight of course is not wanted. The trusses and small weights, belonging to different trainers, are then left in the care of one of their boys, or any convenient person who may be near at the moment; perhaps they are thrown down in the weighing-house, and are thereby liable to be mislaid or lost; or, not unlikely, some of the shot may be taken out of them. Racing is now become a game of such importance to men of business on the turf, that nothing which regards it should be done in an uncertain, idle, or slovenly manner. These trusses and small weights, when not in use, should therefore be given in charge of the man who attends the scales; by him they should be locked up in the cupboards, and he should be made accountable for them to the different persons to whom they may belong.

The space between the weighing-house and the grand stand is to be formed into a yard, enclosed by rails about four feet high. This enclosure should extend ten feet beyond each extremity of the front, observing to leave the gateways in the positions as marked in the plan of the course; that near the judge's stand is for the jockies' to ride their horses through to get to the scales to weigh; and that near the stand, for the horses to pass through in going to the rubbing-house.

By closing the gates here, after the horses are rode into the yard, the people on foot would be prevented from passing in and

crowding round the horses, which they are apt to do while the riders are weighing. It may be advisable at such meetings as commence early in the spring, or late in the autumn, to cover this yard with a mixture of gravel and sand, which would make it more firm and dry to walk on, in case of much wet. The ground thus fenced in, I shall call the weighing-yard, into which none should be admitted but people of business, such as the stewards of the races, noblemen and gentlemen who own the horses, the trainers, the jockies, and the boys who look after them.

The weighing-house and yard being situated and arranged in this way, mistakes cannot possibly happen, if the jockey does but keep on his horse's back after having pulled him up at the conclusion of the heat or race, until he gets to scale, as in going off the course to weigh he must come to and pass by the ending or winning-post. Indeed it would be unpardonable in a regular jockey to dismount until he has rode his horse past this post in going to the scales. A jockey who is in high practice of riding, is too good a judge to allow such a thing to happen to him, let the scales be placed in whatever situation they may. If he were so unfortunate, through absence of mind, as to commit an error of this kind, I much fear it would be at the expense of his character; but a gentleman jockey, on a strange course, and who may not have rode many races, may unintentionally fall into an error of this sort, if not directed by the trainer, who puts him up, how he is to proceed when he has pulled up his horse. From want of experience or caution, a gentleman may make this mistake, either by not riding his horse back to the ending post previous to his dismounting to weigh; or, he may, if his orders are not to run for the first heat, pull up within the distance, and if the scales should be placed (as they often are) inside of the winning-post, he may, without giving it a thought, ride to them, dismount, and weigh, without ever coming to the ending-post: he would, consequently, be distanced: but as I have observed, from the way in which the weighing-house and the entrance to it are here arranged, nothing of this sort can possibly happen, if the rider will but keep on his horse's back until he gets to the scales.

The ropes which are to be put up across the course at the commencement of the rails, to shut out people on horseback who have no business on this part of the course, should be attended by very steady men, who are to take care to be ready to remove the ropes at the time of the horses' starting and coming in.

After the meetings are over, it will be necessary to have chains put up here, and secured by locks, to prevent horses and carts from going over this part of the ground.

If the ground be diversified with ascents and descents at moderate intervals in a course of two or four miles, I think it rather an advantage, as it gives an equal chance to the little stout horse as to the large long striding horse. Generally speaking, they all give their races more kindly over such ground, than they would do in running a similar length over a dead flat.

The next thing to notice relative to a course is the rubbing-house,

or as it is called by some, the saddling-house, being used for both purposes. This building should be erected at a distance of about two or three hundred yards beyond the weighing-post. It will here be somewhat out of the noise and bustle of the crowd, and it will be near to where the horses pull up after sweating or running.

The walls of this building should be in height, from the surface of the ground, twelve feet, by sixty-four in length, and the space between them, from eighteen to twenty feet. The stalls in this building should be eight feet wide, to give sufficient room to the boys to work on each side of the horses after they have been sweating, and at the time of their being saddled to run. The partitions between the stalls should also be sufficiently high so as to prevent the horses from smelling to each other over them, but there is no necessity for either racks or mangers in any of these stalls. The walls in front of the horses' heads should be boarded, and rings should be fixed there to tie horses up occasionally. Now, as it frequently happens that there are horses from different stables not only going to sweat on the same morning, but most likely at the same time, (as training stables are sometimes at so great a distance from the ground as not to allow of the horses being conveniently scraped at home, and as it would be unpleasant to the trainers for the horses of different stables to scrape at the same time in one rubbing-house), I think the better way would be to divide these eight stalls, by running up a wall in the centre, and thus making two rubbing-houses with four stalls in each, and with doors of the same dimensions as those in the training stables; and for the admission of plenty of air and light, there should be two large windows in each of these houses, and they should be on the same plan as the lower part of those windows in the training stables.

In the front of this building there should be a piece of ground twelve feet in breadth by the length of the building, walled in to the height of four feet and a half, with rings placed at proper intervals in the walls, for the trainers and riders to tie up their hacks while the horses are being scraped or saddled. The door is to be in the centre of this yard, and to be five feet in width.

The subject which next presents itself, as being immediately connected with the preceding one, is that of the appointment of gentlemen to act as stewards of the races, and the duties which devolve upon them. I believe it is customary, at country races, for the stewards of the preceding year to nominate their successors, which, I presume, is intended as a compliment to the gentlemen who may be selected from among the nobility and gentry of distinction in the neighboring country where the meetings are held. It sometimes happens, that gentlemen are appointed who are not thoroughly acquainted with all the rules of racing. Now for the information of such, and in order that the business of the day may go smoothly on, I will here give as brief and as correct a sketch as I am able, of such rules and orders as they may be required to see carried into effect: but with regard to the arrangement of the duties emanating from the evening assemblies, when the gentlemen have

to divide equally their polite attention in matching the young ones to sport the light fantastic toe in the dance, and in placing the aged ones at the card table to a quiet rubber, to play the severities of the game for the odd trick, I must beg to decline interfering. This important part of the stewards' duties I leave to the better taste and judgment of the gentlemen themselves.

The stewards of racing meetings should give their orders in due time, for the making of such regulations relative to the course, as they may conceive most advantageous. They should fix the hour the horses are to start, and they are accountable that all funds run for in the meeting are paid before the horses start. To the stewards, the gentlemen of the turf, the betters, trainers, and jockies, all look up, to decide correctly on any disputes which may arise. They should therefore be in the stand appropriated for them during the time the horses are running; and they should here observe, as far as they possibly can, any thing incorrect that may occur,—such as foul riding; or a race may be claimed by the owner of the second horse, from other causes. Their attention and observations here may materially assist them in deciding disputes, which (as recommended by the stewards of the jockey club) should be immediately settled, since the witnesses may easily be assembled, and in the weighing-yard, with the gates closed, they may, unmolested by the crowd, hear the evidence on each side relative to the dispute in question, and give their final decision on the spot.

The next person to be mentioned, is the clerk of the course, who is to act entirely under the direction of the stewards, and whose duty it is to carry such of their orders into execution as may be entrusted to him. He should be a respectable, well conducted man, and intelligent in the common rules of racing; as at many country meetings, with a view of giving as little trouble as possible to the stewards, the clerk's situation becomes a place of trust. He is often commissioned to receive and hold the whole or part of the funds, such as the subscriptions to the plates and stakes, and entrance money collected at the stand, and the fees for the weights and scales, all of which he is to be accountable for to the stewards. The horses are generally named to the clerk of the course; he should therefore, in due time be put in possession of the rules and articles of the plates, stakes, and matches that are to be run for at the meeting. He should make himself thoroughly acquainted with all these things, as on the day appointed for the horses to shew and enter, he is to see that every horse is duly qualified, agreeably to the articles and rules as to age and pedigree, for whatever he is going to start, according to the certificates produced. He is to be accountable that the course is in all respects in proper order for the horses to run over on the day the meeting commences; he must procure such men as are necessary to be in attendance during the meeting, and place them in their different situations on the course: viz.—The man who starts the horses,—the man who is judge to decide on the running,—the men who attend the scales,—the men who are to attend to the ropes at each end of the rails, and such other men as may be necessary to keep the course clear during the time the horses are running.

Several of the rules which I have here set forth, relative to the duties to be performed by the stewards and clerks of country races, are by order of the stewards of the jockey club, mentioned in the Racing Calendar, from which book I have taken some of them. My reason for having done so, is, that should this work meet the approbation of that part of the public for whom it is principally intended, it may, in some measure, become a book of reference for those of my readers, who may have much occasion for it, and for them I should wish it to contain such useful information as I conceive is absolutely necessary.

I believe I have now noticed every thing relative to such training and running ground, which I conceive best adapted for the purpose of training and running horses upon; yet I am fully aware it will often happen that from local circumstances, such advantages as I have here pointed out—as to the extent and variety of the downs—cannot at all times be obtained; yet from what I have stated on this subject, I hope I have been sufficiently explicit to enable those who may not be in very high practice in training horses, to form a more general and perfect opinion on the subject, and which may give them the capacity of properly selecting such parts from inferior ground as may suit their purpose.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS OF LONG ISLAND.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR."

Resumed from the last number of the "Register," page 679.

ONE MORE FOR THE LAST.

"Candida vitæ
Gaudia nescit
Ah! miser! illa
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis."

METASTATIO.

"Discretas insula rumpit aquas!"

THE islands came in sight again, and ho! land! and Raynor Rock!

Glad enough was I to hear our bow grind the sand near Raynor's hut, on the evening succeeding our court's last night's entertainments. Ned Locus had come in, and Peter Probasco was smoking his usual short pipe, and the boys had some fresh fish and "things accorden." Zoph and I had had a hard pull, and we were bay-salted and shivering, but not so tired as to prevent us from bringing up a good bunch of brant. More of them, and a few of the black ducks, and sheldrakes, and *that* goose, anon.

"That's a lie, mister, that story you told t'other night. Have my doubts it's all a lie. I've said it."—Such was Peter's judgment.—"Mr. Locus, you dreamt that sometime or other."

"Stick it out, Ned," said I, "why the fellow is trying to get angry!" and Ned actually had worked himself into such a state of feeling, that between the excitement of the story, and the soft impeachment of its veracity, and his liquor going down the wrong way, his face was suffused, and seven or eight globules of eye-water ran a race for the goal of his pea-jacket upper button.

"My friend," he at last rejoined, "you're mighty civil. Quite complimentary, forsooth. Do you suppose that I could undertake to coin a story so minute, and particular, and specific—so coherent and consistent in all its parts, so supported by internal and circumstantial evidence—"

"So ingeniously stolen from Ovid," interrupted I.

"*'Et tu brute,'* Cypress!"

"I make no doubt it's all true, mostly," said Daniel. "I've been by the bridge, and seen the place where Mr. Locus sot, when he came out."

"Well, gentlemen, what's the unbelievable part of the story? You don't deny the brook, or doubt its being inhabited by mermaids, do you? Then why shouldn't I be as likely as any body else to see one?"

"*Festina lente,*" cried I.

"Not so fast, I pray thee," said the quiet Oliver. "I admit the brook, but I deny thy eyesight. Thy water-nymph lived but in thy brain, she is the offspring of thy dreams only—none but pagan priests and poets, and dreamy boys, and quaker sea-captains, have seen the creature of fancy, called a mermaid."

"Why, Oliver! you infidel! Do you deny the Oceanides, the Nereides and Naiades, the Limnades and Potamides—"

"No such families in the island, d——d if there is," cried Peter.

"Have you never heard of Galatea and Amphitrite, Melita, and Leucothoe, and Thetis, Calypso, and glorious Arethusa——?"

Peter—"Never heerd of such people before."

Oliver—"Vile incarnations—the false deities of the old heathen poets. Too much antiquity hath made thee mad, Ned, or rather, too much deviltry hath made thee a quiz."

"He don't quiz me," said Daniel, with a compression of his lips that said "I know too much." "I don't know 'bout carnations and deities, or old poets, and I reckon I don't believe iniquity ever made Mr. Ned Locus mad, but what I know I know. Sam Biles is my wife's cousin's aunt's sister's brother-in-law, and he's been a sealer. Sam knows. Seals is nothen but nigger mermaids, as Silas said last night, or night afore. Sam told me he see 'em often together, and the mermaids licked 'em and kicked 'em about jist as they was amind to. They caught one one day, but she played the devil among the sailors, and the captain chucked her overboard.—Shaa! why Jim Smith see a mermaid once down to Gilgoa inlet, riden a sea-horse—don't you b'lieve it?—ask Jim."

"Ah! Daniel, Daniel," said Ned, "they're a set of unbelievers—don't try to persuade them."

"Shut up. Shut up, boys. Change the subject. Here; will you smoke?" said Raynor, producing some short stub pipes, and an old segar-box stuffed with tobacco.

It has always been our rule that, "when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do." So, it is to be recorded, that we committed, or rather submitted to, that sin. We smoked.

Puff. "What luck on the whole"—puff—"boys"—puff—puff—"this fall?"—puff—puff—puff—and so on. We will not smoke thee, reader. We got fairly into conversation, now, and different speakers sustained the dialogue, half a dozen speaking at once, sometimes, so that I cannot put down a tithe of what was said.

"Middlen, sir, middlen. We've got some. We come 'cross a good school of drums this afternoon. How is times down to York?"

"O, so so. There's nothing new or strange. People are fighting, as usual, about politics, like fools, and calling each other names, which, if rightly applied, ought to be ropes to hang them. Is the bass fishing good this season?"

"Moderate, moderate. How does the old general stand his hand?"

"Bravely, bravely. They've tried to make him out a tyrant, usurper, cut-throat, fool, and every thing else that is stupid, and base; but 'it's no use.' Do you kill many coot?"

"Coots is scace. I see a smart bunch, jest at sundown, up into Poor-man's harbor. Do you think the Jackson men will get it next 'lection?"

"No doubt; no doubt; not the least doubt. The farmers of the north, and west, are men of sense and spirit, and there's no mistake about the farmers of Queens, and Suffolk, as you yourself well know. But they are doing their d—dest in New-York. They are trying to buy the Irish, and have made such golden overtures to our leading paper as will require uncommon virtue to resist. You must remember to go and vote, boys, for the old man. Every vote counts. He's the Hero of New-Orleans, you know—protector of beauty and booty—can you ever forget the time when—"

"You don't catch me voten, I reckon," interrupted Long John, bending his crane-like neck, so as to bring his head at right angles with his body. "I never voted but onest, and that was last fall, and I reckon I did a smart deal o' harm then. Mr. Locus fetched me up. It rained a little, and he ris an umberell over my head, as we sot in the wagon, and I an't got over that, neither. Now I expect that umberell must have given me a kind o' chill, or something, for I an't been right ever sence."

"It wa'n't the umberell," cried out one of the group; "it was on 'count o' your voten the wrong ticket, to 'blige Mr. Locus—that's the how—and it made you feel bad—and you knowed it."

"What, John! What, John! are you serious?" continued I. "Do you really intend to sacrifice your inestimable right of suffrage? The right for which your fathers fought, and bled, and

died! Reflect. Consider. It is the glorious privilege, as well as the religious duty of every freeman, to go to the ballot-box. Liberty, the liberty of an American citizen—"

"Stop it. Stop it," roared out Ned Locus. "No politics, Cypress. What's the use? You'll only set me a-going, and I can talk as fast as you, and we'll like enough get angry."

"We may as well let it alone," said the quiet Oliver, "There are no converts to be made in Suffolk, not even if Daniel Webster was to come and talk to it. We'll beat thee next fall even if he should."

It will readily be perceived that at the date of this dialogue, I was what is called at Tammany Hall, "a consistent democrat." Ned has always thought it a pity. But he does not on that account shut me out from his heart, and treat me as if he thought I wore a *caput supinum*, as some mad zealots have, in the rage of their disappointment, sometimes ferociously advised him to do. Ned and Oliver both belonged to the party that thought the constitution was in danger, and that the country was doomed to utter ruin, unless the dynasty of a certain very respectable financial institution was perpetuated.

"I'll bet you the expenses of the trip on that," replied Ned to Oliver's vaunt.

"I never bet, Neddy. It's against our rules. But it's got to be done. Don't get mad. It's no use." And then he wound up with his everlasting saw about the boiling of pork.

"D——n your easy impudence. We'll have five thousand majority in the city alone."

"Order! order!" cried Raynor. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to come to order, for a song from Venus Raynor, Esquire,—one of his own composing—that song, Venus, you made about the people that were drowned down to Oyster-pond point."

The usual apologies and excuses were soon disposed of, and then Venus opened his mouth and sang a most pathetic ditty, to which we all listened with sincere delight, for it was sung with the pathos, tenderness, and grace of nature. I was enraptured with it, and, next day, got Venus to go to the light-house and write it out for me. The following is a copy verbatim et literatim:—

"Come all ye Good people of evry degree
come listen awhile with attention to me
a sorrowful story i am going to relate
a mournful disaster that hapenned of late

O Oyster-pond tremble at that awful stroke
remember the voice that gehovah has spoke
to teach us we are mortals exposed to deth
and subject each moment to yield up our breth

on monday the 12th of december so cold
In the year 18 hundred as i have been told
the winds blowing high and the rains beating down
when a vessle arived at Oyster-pond town

their anchors being cast their ships tore away
all hands for the shore were preparring straitway
down into the boat soon they did repair
and on to the shore was praing to steer

But mark their hard fortune it is mournful indeed
yet no one can hinder what god has decread
the council of heaven on that fatal day
by death in an instant calld numòers away

A number of men in their halth and their prime
called out of this world in an instant of time
the boat turning plundge them all into the deep
and 5 out of 7 in death fell asleep.

the sorrowful tidings was caried straitway
to freinds and relations without more delay
but o their lamentins no launge can express
more point out of joy great grief and distress

the widows are bereaved in sorrow to mourn
the loss of their husbands no more to return
besides a great number of orphans we hear
lamenting the loss of their parents so dear

Also a young damsel a making great mourn
for the untimely death of her lover that gone
for the day of their nuptials apointed had been
and the land of sweet wedlock those lovers to join.

Alas all their lamentings are all but in vain
their husbands are drowned they can't come again
o friends and relations lament not to late
the council of heaven has sealed their fate

their bodies when found were all conveyed home
on the sabbath day following prepared for the tomb
their bodies in their coffin being all laid a side
in Oyster-pond meeting house ally so wide.

"Bravo!"—"Well sung, Venus!"—"Encore!"—"That's a damnation nice song!"—and several other critical eulogiums, were wreathed around the head of the beach troubadour.

"Now, Raynor," said I, "we've had nothing out of you, yet. Since Venus has given us a wrecking song, suppose you give us a wrecking story—a true one. Tell us about your saving the life of Captain Nathan Holdredge."

"No, no," protested Raynor; it's late now, and soon as the moon gets up, we've got to go into the surf;—and you know all about it."

"Tell it. Go ahead; or I'll summon a court of Dover and have you fined."

"Don't do that. Here goes then for *The way the old man saved Captain Holdredge!*" and the intrepid veteran went on as follows; I took it from his own mouth, and the whole story is his without embellishment, or addition. If I could only give his voice—his eye—his hand—his attitude—I should be happy:—

"It was eighteen years ago. The lighthouse war'nt built. I

was fishing off agin Bellport, twenty miles east of here. I got up on the 17th day of October, early. The first thing I see was a ship on the beach. I went over to her, and it appeared as if they wanted no assistance; the wind was blowing at the east, and it was stormy—rain storm—it was between break of day and sunrise. I was going to return back again to the hut where we staid, and they beckoned, and hollowed to us to stay;—then they let down their jolly boat under the stern;—the captain, second mate, and one sailor came ashore in her. When they came ashore, I knew the captain. It was Captain Holdredge. After being there a little while, the captain invited me to go on board with him and take something to drink with him—some brandy;—and he would send a demijohn ashore for the rest of the crew—*my* crew. I discovered that there was much agin difficulty in going to the ship, as there was coming from her. The wind was off shore, and sea breaking on:—then I told him, if you will let me and one of my men and him go aboard, I would go—he wanted to take the two sailors, and they insisted upon going, and he was a' mind they should too,—but if them two sailors is a going to go, I sha'nt go. These sailors seemed to be rather affronted at my opinion, and seemed to think that they could go as well and long as me or any other man.

“Then I told him I choosed not to go. Then Holdredge said, stay where we was, and he and the men would go and get a demijohn of brandy, and bring it ashore. They then started for the ship. She lay in the surf. The surf was pretty big. The vessel lay about one hundred yards from the dry land. It was this same Raccoon beach. The wind was east. The ship's name was the “Savannah.” She was a packet ship. She had five passengers. She was from Savannah, loaded with cotton—four hundred bales, as I was told.

“When they got off against the ship, they was about twenty yards to the west of her. The current carried them there;—then heading up east to the ship, brought them right broadside to the sea;—the second sea capsized them—turned the two sailors out, and pitched the captain underneath. The two sailors came immediately ashore by the help of the sea;—and the jolly boat kept, to all appearance, about the same distance from the beach, and worked westward. I endeavored to try to get to her, for I knew the captain was under her. I endeavored to get to her all I could. The sea broke over my head and knocked me down two or three times—I still endeavored to assist him at some rate or other—I got so that I touched the jolly boat—I just put my hand on her, and whether it was my touching of her or not, she took a pretty rank heave of the sea, and she turned down on one side pretty smartly, and the captain came out on the side opposite from me. I discovered that he was alive and apparently made some effort to help himself—but the current of the sea carried him along faster than I could travel, and in one moment he appeared to give up all, and roll along the sea. Then I thought to myself it was no way to get him. So I then thought to myself there was no way to save

him, but to return to the beach, and run about one hundred yards to the west of him. All the while I was running I kept my eye on him. I kept watch of him—when I came to a sea poose—I went in to the east of it—went out into the ocean as far as he was standing and bracing against the sea—breaking over my head—and just afore he got to me, there come a large sea and seemed to hide him—buried him all up—and as he about come abreast of me, I discovered him, and catched him by the collar of his coat—I then sung out for assistance to some of the rest of my crew who was on the beach—it was about forty yards from the dry sand. One man run in. I gave him left hand—I had hold of Holdredge with my right hand. More of the crew came in and took hold of hands, and it made a smart and long trail of it. I should think there was as much as eight of us—and so we drew him up on the beach. Some of the crew said he was stone dead, when we got him out. I discovered that he was not dead by his stirring one of his arms. I turned him round on the beach where it shelved, and got his head the lowest, and then rolled him backwards and forwards on his face, till he discharged considerable water out of his mouth, and some blood out of his nose. I suppose this blood from his nose, was from the jams he got under the jolly boat. All the time I discovered he was coming to. I told the crew, that owing to the cold storm, he never would come to, unless we got him by the fire. Myself and three others took him in our arms, and carried him about a quarter of a mile to our fishing hut—blowen and rainen all the time from the east—got him to the hut—built on a good fire—and prepared a little warm chocolate, and got a little of it down him, and he come to fast. In about three quarters of an hour he spoke. The first word he spoke, he asked, “where’s the ship?” I told him the ship was safe *on shore*.

“Well, I don’t know how—he recreated and began to talk. He had a mind to go to her. It wasn’t worth while to go to her. The passengers and crew had all come away. They come away in my fish boat—after I got Holdredge to the hut, the men all went to the surf. I staid with Holdredge watching till next morning, when his nat’ral senses seemed to come again. Next morning he took full charge of the ship, as much as ever, and would employ no commissioners. He employed about twenty hands himself at two dollars per day, and took charge of the vessel himself. Unloaded—got all cargo out—sent it down by lighters—wouldn’t employ any wreck-masters—vessel went to pieces—his crew worked upon the rigging, and took it off.

“Got ashore. He was in sight of the highlands at sundown, going then S. E. I was by and heard him make his protest—he turned in about twelve o’clock, and gave up to the mate, and told him to keep that course till two o’clock, and then tack ship, and stand in for the land, until they got into thirteen fathom water—and then call him, if he wa’nt up before. He waked, and found the ship had a different motion, and jumped out of his berth, and looked out of the companion-way, and saw the breakers under her lee—he giv orders to tack ship immediately, but before she got

about, she struck!—she paid off contrary, and got on to the beach—spread and tacked every sail to get her off, but to no purpose.

“*Menia* was the first mate.

“*Walford*, second mate. *Walford* was one of the men who came ashore, and was upset, and was rolled ashore by the waves.

“About the second day, word came on from *Patchogue* that his wife was there, and wanted him to come ashore very much, if he was alive. He then went ashore to see her. When he come there, she said she was very glad to see him, looking as he was: for she had understood, at New York, that he was cast away, and that *Raynor Smith* had fell afoul of him, and beat him almost to death, and he told her—so he telled me himself,—to cast that off, for it was all false, for *Raynor Smith* was his protector, and the only one that saved his life, and said to her, if it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't never seen me more.”—

SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A FEW DAYS SPORTING IN BARBARY, IN A LETTER FROM LIEUT. LACY, 46TH REGIMENT, TO THE AUTHOR OF “SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.”

Town Range Barracks, Gibra'tar, December 24, 1840.

MY DEAR NAPIER: Your “*Scenes and Sports*,” which appeared lately in this *Garrison*, have produced, I think, a “*Nimrodish*” spirit of the olden time—not but that many of our youthful sportsmen are game to the back bone, and frequently of the foremost (as you well know) with the *Calpe Hounds*, but there are some who, never having seen our old Indian friends of grunting propensities, much wished to have an encounter with the bristly foe on the opposite coast of “*Africa's burning shores*.”

Having been a brother sportsman in many of the well-told tales of your Indian exploits, I must give a short account of our endeavors to follow you in the “hog line,” near *Tangiers*, a relation of which will, I think, amuse you, though I am sorry to say we were not so successful as we ought to have been, owing, as usual, to my bad shooting, for which I was deservedly well abused; but if not attended with great results, our trip was agreeable and pleasant, and I wish you had been of the party; you would not only, I think, have enjoyed yourself uncommonly, but have killed your pig in sporting style, with the old “double-barrel” and long carving knife. In fact, we only required *you* to make our party complete, and many were the wishes expressed for your presence.

Our trip was easily got up, and we assembled in the mess-room to breakfast on the morning of our departure, after a delightful ball at Mr. S.'s, the American Consul, who always gives such

splendid parties, and whose Madeira, by-the-bye, is the best in the world.

A friend from the Emerald Isle had kindly offered us a passage to Tangiers in his yacht. Allow me then to introduce W——, a most thorough Pat, and the owner of Vampire, of about eight-and-forty tons, as neat a little craft as e'er skimmed o'er the blue seas. In this he proposed taking four of us, and without much difficulty D'Eyncourt, Moffat, David Fyffe and myself, obtained a week's leave from the Governor, so that, on the morning I speak of, guns, pistols, and hunting-knives of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, carpet-bags, coats, cloaks, &c. &c. were collected in the mess-room previous to our intended departure. About mid-day we embarked, and with a pleasant light breeze set sail from "The Rock," and were soon carried into the current of the Straits.

I believe the coast on both sides is pretty well known to you, but yet I cannot help saying a few words on the subject. The day was very fine, and lying on the deck, whilst basking in the sun, we enjoyed the view of that beautiful line of hills beyond Cabrita Point, and those still more grand and magnificent mountains on the African shore, which towards evening, under the rays of the setting sun, assumed a mellowness of tint and tone of color beyond all description.

December is certainly not the finest month in the year for beholding a landscape in perfection; still, as you are aware, even Winter wears here a much gayer mantle than in the frigid North, and the garb of Summer was still retained by the ever-green oak, the cork, the ilex, and a variety of other trees and plants peculiar to these favored regions*. Feasting our eyes with these fair sights, we glided past Tarifa, with its old Moorish towers that had stood the brunt of many a siege, its curious houses, and old-fashioned inhabitants†, and as it gradually became dusk we were close under the African coast; but without sufficient light, and not knowing the harbor, we did not think it quite safe to venture into the anchorage near the town. Therefore, having got soundings, we let go anchor, and piped all hands to dinner after seeing everything safe and snug. Our host said he had nothing to give us; but on our diving below, a right good round of English beef, with its accompaniments of carrots, turnips, &c., belied him: we set to work in earnest, and justice was soon performed on it in a most summary manner, accompanied by copious libations of Guinness' best. It was Saturday night, and though not at sea, we considered ourselves entitled to our glass of grog and a song, which was given in first-rate style by David Fyffe, whose musical notes softly

* On the 22d of January, 1811, there was ice at the signal station at Gib an inch and a half thick, which remained for several days: the height above the level of the sea was about 1400 feet. In the beginning of February of the same year there was a very severe gale of wind, which detained the 33d Regiment, embarked for the West Indies, in harbor from the 5th to the 23d, and on the 6th an extraordinary fall of hail occurred, the stones being generally an inch and a half long and an inch in breadth and thickness, and of all kinds of curious shapes, many like long cut-glass smelling bottles. Both these circumstances are very unusual here.

† I was informed by a Spaniard that the women of Tarifa, Conil, and Marghena, all in the South Coast, have the privilege of partially concealing the face with a black shawl, worn over the head like a hood, and only leaving one eye exposed—a curious remnant of Moorish customs, secured to them, as I understood, by charter.

breathed through the aromatic atmosphere caused by our lighted cigars. Our revels at last came to an end, and closely stowed away in the body of the "Vampire," we at last resigned ourselves to balmy sleep. Next morning we were all up with the lark, got the ship under weigh, worked her into port at the expense of a rub or two at her keel, and then prepared for landing.

Whilst the carpet-bags, cloaks, gun-cases, cigar-boxes, coats, Mantons, beef-tongues, ham, beer, wine, "backy," and brandy were being hoisted up, suppose we look at this mighty fortress, which only a short time since held France in such sovereign contempt.

It is built in a small valley, which gradually slopes towards the sea; the houses are generally flat-roofed and irregular; a wall incloses the town, and several parts are strong-looking flanking bastions, particularly towards the sea and near the Water-gate. To the right is the citadel, a commanding point, built at the apex of a ridge of rock which runs upwards from the shore: altogether it appears from the water to be a strong-looking place, and I dare say, when it was given as a dowry with Queen Catherine of Portugal at the time she espoused Charles the second of England, it was considered very formidable, though since that period the walls have often been razed and rebuilt.

Immediately on our landing we were conducted to the house of our Consul General, Mr. Drummond Hay. On proceeding thither, we had an opportunity of observing that all the formidable-looking places, which we had supposed were bristling with cannon, had only a few old rusty guns protruding from the embrasures, mounted here and there, not on carriages, but upon logs of wood or parts of gun-carriages, and in fact anything that could be had, in order that a threatening muzzle might be seen from the sea: as to the possibility of pointing the said guns, *that* appeared but a secondary consideration.

Mr. Hay having occasion to visit the Governor, we accompanied him. Our reception was by no means gratifying, and we left but little impressed with either his magnificence or his urbanity. However, this did not annoy us. On our return, we busied ourselves in preparing for the morrow's sport, and in this our kind friend Mr. Hay did his best to assist. He put us in the way of getting some of the Natives to accompany our party, and introduced us to a first-rate shot, an American, attached to the United States Consulship, who knew the country well, could speak Arabic, and was eager to be one of the sporting expedition we contemplated. My friend T——, who was at the time staying at Mr. Hay's, and busy with his pencil, also offered his services, so that our company was increased to seven.

Regular Moorish "hunters," with many beaters, were engaged; provisions, tents, horses, ponies, mules, jackasses, pots, and kettles, were all ordered to be in readiness by six o'clock next morning; and after wandering about the town until we were tired, with a chance of being spit upon at every corner, we at last sate down to our dinners at Mr. Benoliel's fonda. I believe you on a former

occasion have been at the same house, and of course enjoyed the pleasure of eating those greasy dishes so well seasoned with rancid butter and garlic, and fashioned by the delicate hands of that dark-eyed specimen of the daughters of Israel, the probably once beautiful but now rather *passée* Madame Ben ; but, greasy or not, we got through the feast, washed it well down with brown stout, followed by a glass of grog, under cover of which musquito dose, we turned in and slept soundly, until the early muezzin-call awoke all the worthies of Islam to their morning devotions.

Having accomplished our shooting toilet, strapped our guns at our backs, and swallowed our cup of coffee, we endeavored, as well as we could, each to mount his gallant steed, and bestride the mountain of pack saddle which served to conceal their staring ribs and attenuated carcasses.

Our start was certainly ludicrous in the extreme ; Master Pag*, late as usual, and as usual full of fun and frolic, was turning everything into ridicule ; to him was committed the commissariat department. Fyffe, the epitome of " vaulting ambition," in mounting " fell o'er t'other side," was too fat to get up, but at last accomplished the task with great difficulty. The ponderous frame of Moffat weighed down his horse, which tottered under its unusual burden. I got across a donkey, and, barring an occasional kick, managed pretty well, having *one* spur to assist me, " but *that* was a piercer."

T—— and our Transatlantic friend joined us in good time, both much more respectably mounted. Our rear was brought up by a Moorish soldier, who at the peril of his own was answerable for our lives. Another vagabond, of the name of Sheriffe Mohammed, afforded us much amusement, and proved very useful. Last, though not least, came the man of beef and porter, the steward of the yacht, the great Tompson, mounted on the top of the tents and provisions, and followed by one or two donkeys which he had in tow. Outside the town we were joined by our Native friends the beaters. These men are almost outcasts from society, having perhaps committed the crime of murder or some such trifle, which has obliged them at first to quit the town, not from apprehension of the law, but from the fear of meeting with the same violent death at the hands of the friends of the deceased. The wandering life they consequently are obliged to lead renders them, amongst other accomplishments, keen sportsmen. Their Chief was a fine handsome athletic fellow, and led us to hope for capital sport. He was accompanied by seven or eight others of the same stamp as himself, with eight or ten dogs, most extraordinary-looking animals, and strongly resembling that valuable breed denominated in India the " pariah."

We increased in numbers as we proceeded, every now and then adding a fresh recruit in the shape of a beater or dog.

Our direction lay S. S. W., leaving Cape Spartel a long way to our right, over a fine agricultural country, but as it was late in the season the ground presented no vegetation. After a march of

* Poor D'Eyncourt ! who has since fallen a victim to yellow fever at Barbadoes.

about four hours, we entered a more hilly and wooded tract, when the directing Nimrod suggested that we should load, and make preparations for the work of slaughter.

The Moormen, whose dress is at all times picturesque, now cased their legs in leathern greaves, and put on large aprons of the same material somewhat resembling those worn by our pioneers. The process of charging their immense matchlocks being completed, and the beaters having cut long sticks, we again moved forward.

Silence became the order of the day, and having left pots and pans behind us on an elevated piece of ground, with directions to 'Tompson to pitch the tents and commence culinary operations, we forthwith opened the campaign. The first care of our Chief on coming to a favorite piece of ground—for he knew the country well, and the probable direction the "khunzeer"* would take—was to place us in a line, some distance apart, telling us to cover ourselves as much as possible behind the bushes, and await silently the approach of our game. In the meantime, our beaters, now to the amount of twenty, were sent with the dogs in a circuitous direction to a point about the distance of a mile, with orders then to extend and beat toward us in a parallel line, taking advantage of the wind, wild hog possessing, as you well know, in a most acute degree the senses of hearing and smell. All was now silence, and each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, gladly anticipating not only the pleasure of bagging his boar, but also that of converting him into savory pork-chops, the demolition of which it was hoped would, on our return to a comfortable dinner and snug tent, finally conclude the operations of the day.

Presently were heard faint and distant shouts, which, after continuing for a considerable time, gradually increased in loudness as they became nearer, until the sight of a boar, seen by one of the beaters, produced a loud simultaneous yell, to which a dog, having got on the scent, soon added the music of his melodious tones.

The thrashing of the bushes began now to be plainly heard; more pigs were roused from their snug lairs, the rest of the dogs gave tongue, the tumult increased, every moment became louder, until at last the old tusked boar, a matronly sow, and a whole brood of young squeakers, burst forth at once from the thick covert, and were seen scampering across the small open space in front of our station. A well-sustained fire immediately commenced, and the shots fell thick and fast amidst the flying herd.

"Hit him, by Jove!" cried one.—"So have I."—"I saw him tumble over into yonder bush!"—"Where the devil were you firing? your shots were whistling like hail about my ears!" With these and fifty other *griffinish*† expressions, they all ran helter skelter into the wood, in hot pursuit of the killed and wounded, and I must confess I felt not a little ashamed at being seen with such a set of greenhorns. The old Moor, our father Nimrod, said nought,

* Arabic for pig.

† The writer of this letter here betrays himself as an old Indian, the term "griffin" implying there a new hand or "Johnny Raw."

but only shrugged his shoulders in silent contempt, for he right well knew that not a shot had taken effect, both the tell-tale soil and adjoining bushes being free from stain of "gouts o' blood."

However, assuming Jacob Faithful's motto of "better luck next time," we proceeded to a fresh piece of ground, formed another line, sent the beaters on again, and again we had the same repetition of noise and shouting; but this time we were more successful; for on the firing of a gun by one of the beaters, and the yelping of one of the dogs, who evidently had come athwart a boar, the Yankee, to whom the noise was nearest, got a flying shot through the bushes, and floored his pig in right good style. The poor "kheib,"* one of those which we had despised and laughed at in the morning from its ill-bred appearance, was in reality game to the back-bone, for he came boldly up with his foe, and seized him by the ear: he received, however, a severe wound in the flank, by which he was completely disabled.

Our next proceeding was, after lightening the "grunter" of all superfluities, to stow him securely on the back of a mule, in which operation our Moorish friends would give us no assistance; but ere the already heavily laden beast was out of sight, we beheld one of them snugly seated on the top of the still reeking carcase of the unclean beast, and in spite of religious prejudices apparently making himself very comfortable.†

This was our only trophy, I am sorry to say; for having tried an oak wood without success, and as the day was on the wane, and being some distance from our encampment, it was considered advisable to retrace our steps, and we were, therefore, under the necessity of contenting ourselves with a single "khunzeer." To our great dismay, on our arrival at the ground of our expected camp, we found that the rascally Jew, Benoliel, had grossly deceived us with regard to the tents, which, in fact, were nothing more than a blanket or piece of canvas hung across a horizontal pole placed on two upright stakes driven into the ground, and so small that we began to consider if we could really stow ourselves under the scanty covering: our chief valet, the Moor, had besides pitched them on the lowest spot of ground he could find, thereby giving us the benefit of the rain-water, as it flowed in torrents down the sides of the hill.

To add to our wretched condition, the very flood-gates of Heaven now opened o'er our devoted heads, and not only completely drenched us to the skin, but likewise saturated our carpet-bags. However, we put the best face on the matter, and huddling close together, we consoled ourselves by grilling pork-chops, drinking stiffeners of grog, and obtaining additional shelter from the thick clouds of smoke issuing from our lighted cigars. Matters were in this train when suddenly the sounds of merriment and song came upon our ears, and our Moorish friend, Mr. Sheriffe Mohammed, shoving his ugly phiz into the tent, said, "Davy, come and see

* Arabic for dog.

† The stricter Mahometans will not, from fear of contamination, use a European saddle, which is generally made of pig's skin.

music." The vagabond had heard us call Fyffe familiarly by the name of "David," and immediately caught it up.

Anything for a change : so we all adjourned to the place of jollity, where a scene presented itself which I think would have highly amused you. After a very difficult process of forcing my body through a gap which constituted the only door-way, I found myself in a hut built of sticks and brushwood laid against each other, and just high enough in the centre to admit of my standing upright. In the midst of this leafy bower blazed a huge fire, around which, in every position, sat and lay our hunters, beaters, and dogs. Smoking and drinking was the order of the day. We forthwith produced the "backy" and grog, of which our Mograbin* friends appeared nowise loath to partake.

The cross-legged fashion of sitting was the only one adapted to this place ; but our stiff European legs would not admit of this posture, and the consequence was that we burnt our feet in the fire ; yet this was attended by one advantage—it dried our boots ; but we were not here for the purpose of being put out to dry, and therefore, as soon as silence was commanded in many languages, we had a song from our Moorish friend, of which I believe none of us could make head or tail either in the words or music ; but having insisted that it was right good, they expected one in return from our party ; and accordingly were accommodated with something lively from friend W——, which was of course Greek to *them*.

All this time the lads sucked in our grog like mother's milk, under such dense clouds of smoke that at last we could scarcely see each other ; in both of which useful occupations we were keeping them company, when it was intimated to us that we should hear something particularly good—what was considered the best song in Barbary, which few foreigners had ever heard, and called the "Dance in the garden under the lotus tree ;" but the purport of this "Romaunt" will not bear to be committed to paper : suffice it to say, we had a most awful chorus, these wild savages clapping their hands to the tune, and increasing their gestures and noise until they reached a pitch which quite exhausted them. We were again called upon, and our great Psalmist "David" willingly struck up the favorite song of "Old King Cole," in his usual good style, and to the unbounded amusement of the hunters ; they vociferously joined in the chorus, sang right merrily, and laughed heartily at David's attempt to imitate the various instruments and professions alluded to in his song, which they evidently understood ; in fact, it so tickled their fancy that they "encored" it, and this time the chorus was even louder than before.

I was sorry when we were obliged to go to roost, it was such wretched work ; the rain came dripping in upon us, and we had, besides, scarcely room to lie down ; none of the party was allowed to move after having once taken up a position ; and adding to the discomfort of this constrained posture, our feet were cooling at the mouth of the tent ; but we were too tired to think long upon our

* The inhabitants of Barbary are so denominated, from the Arabic word "Moghrib," signifying the "West."

troubles, and, with the exception of the tent falling once, and nearly smothering us under its soaking folds, I think we got through the night pretty well, rose up in the morning none the worse for our damp couches, and started as early as six o'clock in the hope of a good day's sport. We soon roused our old Chief, and making towards a lake we had visited the day before, we could not resist the temptation of having a little snipe-shooting, and bagged a few brace of long-bills, as well as some duck, of which there were an immense number, so much so as to make the water look perfectly black.

In the course of our beat, whilst intent upon the snipe, we most unexpectedly stumbled on a fine boar. He got up close to the American, who let drive at him with No. 8, which dose only served to tickle up his hinder-parts. This was the more provoking, as we should in all probability have secured him had we been loaded with ball. I think I can hear you grumble forth, "Should have thought you a better Sportsman!" But the fact is, the young hands were too numerous for me to manage, and *would* have their own way. Taking now a new line of country, all were forbidden the use of small shot. Our direction lay towards the coast, and passing along the shore, we enjoyed a most refreshing sea-breeze. We were soon on a favorable spot of ground, and having arranged ourselves, I had shortly afterwards a good right and left shot at a grunter, whom I unfortunately only wounded: we tracked him a short distance by his trail of blood, but time being precious, soon drew off, in hopes that he would stiffen from his wound, come to a stand still, and we should then be able to recover him at the end of the day.

We therefore pushed on further, and this time we were placed in the sandy bed of a salt-water inlet, and sheltered by one of its overhanging banks. Presently we heard the voice of the beaters, and soon from their shrieks I knew that our friend was crossing the inlet. I immediately took post, and to my great delight saw the villain bolting as fast as his legs could carry him, so I let drive; but one ball was not enough, and whiz went three or four more from either side of me, several of which hit the mark. It was, however, annoying beyond measure to see him still give us leg-bail, and not one of us able to bring him to, when to our great delight, and no less peril, bang, bang went several guns from the opposite side, and down dropped the grisly monster, digging up the sand with his nose.

His destroyers were our friends the hunters and the Yankee, and it was a ball from the rifle of the latter which, taking him in the shoulder, enabled us to "save his bacon." He was a fine old fellow, with enormous tusks, and we had much difficulty and no little amusement in getting him on the pony's back, which I presume, being a true Mussulman, did not choose to be degraded by carrying hog's-flesh, for he plunged, reared, and kicked, until he fell, and we were obliged to replace him with a more tractable animal.

Being now at a considerable distance from Tangiers—probably thirty or five-and-thirty miles—it became necessary to retrace our

steps, and by the time we had beat through several jungles, we were near the spot where I had in the morning wounded my hog : we therefore put the dogs on his scent, and started off at a good pace. Coming at last to a large patch of thick jungle, I conceived it to be a likely place, and there being to the left a small piece of clear ground, I separated from the party, and waited until the dogs had gone in. I do not think they expected to find anything ; but, to my great joy, I heard the beast roused ; the noise approached nearer ; when suddenly his great glaring eyeballs and large white tusks came bursting forth, and with a tremendous plunge and awful grunt he rushed from the covert, and, taking to the open, charged right up towards me. It was the most splendid sight I think I ever beheld, and I required all my nerve to "prepare to resist cavalry." I let him come on to within a few yards, and then pulled the trigger. The brief space which elapsed ere the clearing smoke enabled me to see what effect my shot had had was one of considerable anxiety. But my bullet had found its right billet—the "steam" he had on at the time of being hit carried him on a few paces, when he at last came on his knees. I thought his fate was now sealed for ever, when, by a violent effort recovering his legs, he disappeared in the thick jungle, followed by a shower of balls.

Thus unexpectedly to lose an animal whom I already considered as my own, was disgusting in the extreme, and I wished that at this emergency I had been mounted on your trusty little "Lamp-lighter," with a good spear in my fist ! But as it was now nearly dark, we were obliged to give up the pursuit, proposing on the morrow to follow up his track.

We therefore sounded a halt, and wet through, fatigued, and hungry, having been upwards of twelve hours walking without any substantial nourishment, you may well fancy we did good justice to the "pork-chops" when they made their welcome appearance. W——'s Steward, who had been left with the commissariat, had managed very well ; our tents were joined together, and converted into one large one ; a table-cloth was neatly spread on the ground, the dinner more comfortably arranged than the day before ; and after a good feed and a stiff glass, we laid down, huddled together as closely as possible to keep ourselves warm, and, wet as we were, I can assure you we enjoyed a most capital night's rest.

It had been our determination, as I said, to track the lost boar on the ensuing day, but by the advice of our Huntsman we gave up the idea, as he said the rivers, or rather the torrents, would be so much swollen that if we prolonged our stay we should never get back to Tangiers.

Taking therefore his advice, the watch-word became—

"Didn't you hear the General say,
Strike your tents and march away !"

And accordingly, as soon as something in the shape of breakfast could be scrambled together, consisting merely of a cup of coffee and a small bit of bread, we "struck our tents," and mustered

all hands to make a start, amidst the heaviest rain I ever experienced.

It was now who should get the tallest and stoutest horse for crossing the rivers, and one, more courageous than the rest, ventured to mount the kitchen department, rendered still heavier by a quantity of pork. I think this adventurous individual was D'Eyncourt, and proving too much for the beast, he came head over heels, pots, kettles, pig, and all, into the mud. Several accidents equally absurd took place, but at last we made a start, our Moorish soldier leading the way in a most commanding manner, wrapped up in the folds of his white haïk : indeed he had never left us, but had entered with spirit into our sport, and often stood ready to fire, though he never would dismount from his horse. I was very sorry we were obliged to leave our wounded friend behind us, and regretted much my bad shooting, as I never remember being so unsteady : I think I had seven or eight good shots, four of which only took effect. On leaving our ground, we descended into a very extensive and level plain, stretching its unbroken extent for miles and miles. Here we fell in with some tribes of those wandering people whose sole occupation is breeding horses and cattle.

The men were all absent, busy at their several callings, and whilst waiting for one of our party, the Yankee entered into conversation with some of the women, who were seated at the entrance of their tents. We noticed one particularly fine girl, tall and well made, who was evidently aware of the power of her charms, by the coquettish manner in which she displayed them. Though very dark, she had handsome and regular features, with large laughing black eyes, and a very sweet expression of countenance ; from the under lip down the chin to the breast, a straight line was tattoo'd, which had a most strange appearance.

They wished to know what we had been doing, and when informed on this question, and also that we had spent a wretched night, they regretted we had not asked for shelter in their tents, and we should have been welcome. I feel certain they would have made us so, and I am sorry we did not know of their being in the neighborhood, as I might then have given you a better account of them.

As our Huntsman had predicted, we found considerable difficulty in crossing the swollen torrents, which only the day before had been perfectly dry, and in one of them poor David got a tremendous soaking ; for the pony or donkey he was riding being much over-weighted, it slipped backwards into the stream, and our great songster came from under the water blowing and sputtering like a huge grampus. However, without any serious mishap, we arrived late in the day at Tangiers, and in the evening were heartily welcomed at the hospitable board of Mr. Hay, and over his "Am-pelusian" wine recounted all our adventures through flood and field, o'er hill and valley.

Two days after, bidding adieu to our kind and hospitable entertainers, we got on board the Vampire ; and, after a rough and bois-

terous passage, were once more safely deposited at the foot of old Calpe—bringing thus to a close our trip to Barbary, together with this long yarn of, yours sincerely,

W. LACY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1842.

SPORTING INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Monday, the 24th ult., an Inquest was held at the Rutland Arms Inn, Newmarket, before the sporting coroner, Mr. Quackley, on the body of an eccentric old gentleman, well known in that town by the soubriquet of "*Old Jockey Club*." (His real name did not transpire, being kept secret in regard for the feelings of his relations, who are most respectable.) The old gentleman, who was very generally known in the sporting world, and universally respected, died suddenly by his own hand, on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th ult., and the coroner immediately issued his warrant for the summoning of a jury, but some delay ensued in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining jurors sufficiently unbiassed to ensure a proper enquiry.

The coroner opened his court at 10 o'clock precisely, and the following gentlemen were sworn on the jury:—

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| J. Gulby, Esq. | Sir Stephen George, <i>Foreman</i> . | |
| W. Crockforth, Esq. | Peter Clowes, Esq. | Harry Vates, Esq. |
| J. Brand, Esq. | J. Pensive, Esq. | P. Egasus, Esq. |
| — Dowding, Esq. | H. Snooks, Esq. | X. Levant, Esq. |
| John Smith, Esq. | Captain Hawkeye. | Simple Green, Esq. |
| | Thomas Smith, Esq. | John Smith, Esq. (of London). |

The first witness called was,

Mr. WILLIAM DUFF, who deposed that he has known the deceased all his life. Deceased was an old man—a very old man—could not say exactly how old—certainly older than him (witness), could swear to that—thought him older than any person in the room—perhaps older than the room itself—couldn't swear that—but was morally certain of the fact—found a difficulty of swearing even to a fact at Newmarket.—He (witness) had known deceased for some years—and for reasons of his own, had been particularly attentive to him.—He (the deceased) had been generally kind to him (witness) in return—never heard deceased called by any other name than "*Jockey Club*"—deceased was generally liked, but was sometimes very violently abused—he (witness), however, thought only by evil intentioned persons—he (witness) thought deceased very harmless—in fact, might have thought him slow—in short, *did* think him slow, latterly—had never said publicly that deceased was "*a slow coach*"—but very often thought so privately—when first he knew deceased, he (deceased) was an active man—should say that he was at that time also a prosperous man—means by "*prosperous*," a wealthy man—had observed an alteration in his manner during the last few years—he grew feeble, and inactive—

thought he was going into a decline—never imagined him to have been poisoned—does not think so now—thinks that his intellects were decidedly affected latterly—by “latterly,” means within the last two years—thinks so on account of his incoherent conduct—doing one day—and undoing it to-morrow—could cite many instances, but does not think that it would answer any good purpose—deceased was much annoyed latterly with law suits—had lost an action for libel, and had extensive damages to pay—thinks that this preyed upon his mind, and led him to commit the fatal act—is decidedly of opinion that it was his own act and deed—does not think that any one, or all of his enemies together, could have materially injured him—is very heartily sorry for his old friend, but consoles himself with the reflection, that “what is done can’t be helped.”

Mr. RICHARD DORNTON.—“Knew nothing about deceased—cared nothing about him—never heard of him until he was informed that he (deceased) had called him (witness) ugly names.—Brought an action for libel against him, and recovered damages. Was very much annoyed at being called names.—Is so still.—Don’t think himself the cause of this melancholy inquiry.—Don’t care if he is.—If folks will dance to their own music—they must pay the piper.—Gave away the sum received as damages in charity,—did so because he thinks virtue has its own reward, and ‘vice versâ’—Thinks deceased a decided example of the ‘vice versâ.’”

Mr. C. J. LEATHERLY.—“Has known deceased all his lifetime—was his family physician, and confidential adviser—attended upon him constantly—and did his business for him. By “doing his business,” witness does not mean any insinuation as to the manner of his death. Deceased attended very little to his own affairs, and left them almost entirely to witness, which he (witness) thinks showed his (deceased’s) superior judgment—certainly does not consider it any proof of his insanity—does not know deceased’s age exactly—has his age entered in a book at home, as well as in several documents connected with his affairs.—Does not know how deceased was bred—thinks that he had a father—could not swear it, as his authority is mere hearsay—can swear that he never had a mother—has authority for this in the books, which mention his father but not his mother. Deceased had a pretty little property in Newmarket—it was not a very large property, but there was plenty—should say that he was not a ‘rich’ man, but ‘comfortable’—thinks that a very appropriate word—has read Johnson—and does not think that *he* could use a better. Has heard the evidence of the previous witnesses—is aware of the lawsuit—does not agree with Mr. Duff as to the incoherence of his (deceased’s) proceedings—may have a particular reason for thinking otherwise, as advising in the matter—thinks that all his proceedings were most praiseworthy—cannot however exactly understand them all—attributes this to his own want of penetration, not to any want of judgment on the part of deceased—thinks that it might have been better if he had understood them all—but is on the whole of opinion that whatever is, is right. Don’t think it by any means right that Mr. Dornton should have gained his action—is aware that the fact

'is,' but still don't think it 'right'—cannot reconcile the discrepancy of these two opinions, but thinks as they ARE—they are right too. Deceased was not of a litigious character—cannot tell how he came to go to law—he had been to law once before, and gained the day. Cannot say what he gained, but supposes that he gained something. Remembers Tuesday the 11th of October—deceased had a long private consultation with him on that day.—The conversation turned principally on the late trial, and deceased was very low-spirited.—Deceased said that it was all DICKEY with him—Does not know whether he intended in any way to refer to Mr. Dornton. The consultation had lasted but a short time, when deceased suddenly seized a pen, and before witness could prevent him—stabbed himself—He—"

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY here interrupted the witness, and informed the Coroner that the Jury had made up their minds as to the proper Verdict to be returned in this most painful case.

THE CORONER was quite ready to adopt any suggestion of the gentlemen, provided they were perfectly satisfied.

THE JURY at once, and without hesitation, returned an unanimous Verdict of TEMPORARY INSANITY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1842.

MY FIRST HORSE.

BY MANGO.

Enough—he died the death of fame.

But stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell;
For the good steed—his labors o'er—
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.

My first horse! How many fond yet sad thoughts of old times do these words bring to the heart of the true sportsman!—from the Right Honorable, with a string of sixteen hunters at Melton, to the farmer's son, doomed to a life in the city, who often sighs at the remembrance of his first and only horse; from the squire of his parish, who never from his birth has been absent for more than twelve months together from the hall of his fathers, to the emigrant who is fighting his way in the back-woods of America. With all who are sportsmen the feeling is the same. What recollections of the happy days of our youth does the first horse bring before us!

My first horse was a wonderful one, and a good one (whose first was not?)—a hunter all over; his appearance, however, was not in his favor, coming under the denomination of "a rum-un to look at, but a good-un to go."

I was just turned seventeen, and had left (never to return again) that damper to the joys of youth—school. My father did not hunt, but for amusement bred a nag or two annually; and on one of these, a five-year-old bay horse, by Master Henry (celebrated for getting good hunters), I made my appearance at the cover-side, intending with him to go through my first regular season. I was, as might be expected, very raw, and Master Henry was, alas! if possible, more so; and day after day I came home with a lame story—fell at a double—refused a brook—ran away in the deep ground, or something or other which prevented the pads gracing my stable-door.

"Well, d——n it," said my father, after a tale of the usual kind one evening near the end of December; "this will never do, I can see. We must get a nag for you that knows something about his business; so look out for an old hunter, but mind, not a high figured one."

Accordingly, nothing loth, I scoured the country in search of a cheap hunter, and was not long before I found one; a fine formed old brown horse, with four such legs as I should think were hardly ever seen before—he was fired on all of them, and the near fore-leg had undergone that painful operation more than once. He had, moreover, a large scar on the quarter, and various other marks showed his experience in the field. For these I cared nothing, but the mark of the collar on his withers was to me a terrible eyesore; this he had acquired as leader in an opposition amateur coach, which, having died suddenly, he with others was for sale. I had a saddle put on him, and rode him over for the governor's inspection; put him at two or three fences, and, in short, was mightily pleased with him. The price of course was not high—fifteen pounds; I offered twelve—was taken at my word—and now had a *horse of my own*.

The next week I was busily engaged in superintending the singing, trimming, and brushing nearly a bushel of dust from the coat of my new purchase; and on new-year's day I again appeared at the meet. The draw was some thin plantations, and hardly had the hounds been thrown in, than "Tally-ho!" "Gone away!" was the cry, and away accordingly we went—my steed in the front, with his head pointed as straight as an arrow, and heedless of all attempts on my part to check him. Bang! crash! hurrah! well over the first fence—a double post and rail. At it again, and again well over, and so on to the end; and after a good thing of forty minutes, I found myself the third man up, and that evening nailed a well-earned pad on the stable door. I now had a hunter, and no mistake; but such a determined puller, that all my share in the business was to sit fast, and leave the rest to him and the fortune of war.

The whole of the season I was beautifully carried, always well up, and never having but one spill, and that one from a broken leather. As a wind-up, a local steeple-chase was announced, and I had the temerity to prepare my "old screw," as he was termed. As to riding him myself, I knew that would never do, for not hav-

ing the hounds to guide us, the odds would have been against our taking the right line; so I engaged a dealer's lad, who had the reputation of being a good man across country, to steer him.

The day came at last, and seven appeared at the post—my old horse among them. After a look over the ground, I took my station on a hill near the finish, and with an anxious heart awaited their coming. The first two miles of the line were not visible, and but a partial view was afforded of the last. After many false alarms, at each of which I was all in a flurry, they came in sight; six, however, only could be counted, one having already cut it—these six well together, and coming at a slapping pace to the most difficult thing in the whole line—a wide brook. A bright chesnut comes at it first—refuses; next a gray charges—no go; then a brown horse with a white streak down his face is put manfully at it—"Bravo!" beautifully cleared, and well away again. 'Tis the old horse who is now coming on with a strong lead. "They'll never catch him," is now shouted out; and they never did, for the "Old screw" came home a gallant winner by six lengths.

That day, I think, was the happiest of my life: I was just in the glow of youth, and my greatest wish was accomplished. Late was it that night when I left the scene of action—"terque quaterque beatus," with two bottles of claret under my waistcoat, and forty pounds in my pocket.

That summer my winner lived in clover—not that I mean to infer by this that he was altogether being blown out with that commodity; I knew a trick worth two of that, and summered him, in the fullest sense of the term, *à la Nimrod*.

Before the next season I learnt some particulars of his history. He was bred in Mr. Drake's hunt, and for five years was in his stable; but at the end of that time was given up as unmanageable, being the most resolute tear-away devil ever saddled, and knocking himself and rider about awfully every time he went out. He next went to Mr. Harvey Coombe, and having carried a whipper-in some seasons, was sent away as worn out. After this he passed through a variety of hands and hardships, which, by the time he came to me had somewhat subdued his resolute temper. While with Mr. Drake, he bore the most appropriate name of "Cœur de Lion."

The following season he went as well as ever, and at the end of it again showed for the steeple-chase. Fourteen this year appeared at the post, "Cœur de Lion" as a winner with ten pounds extra, but still the most formidable of the lot. The line this time ran parallel with the road, and by keeping to it, all might be seen from start to finish. The old horse rushed away in front, and overpowering his jock got a great way ahead—his fencing, as usual, excellent, and again I thought of winning; but, alas! in taking a large double, the stump of a tree caught the off-fetlock behind, and nearly tore it away; this, of course, stopped him, and the fate of my poor old horse was sealed.

That evening, at the moment the name of the lucky winner was given with loud and long cheers, the deadly tube was raised to put an end to the miseries of my first horse.

London Sportsman for November, 1842.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES IN 1842.

| | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| Ascot Heath, June 8..... | Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, by Dr. Syntax. |
| Bedford, September 21..... | Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen. |
| Brighton, August 4..... | Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler. |
| Caledonian Hunt, October 6.... | { Mr. W. R. Ramsay's Whistle Blinkie, by Round Robin. |
| Canterbury, August 9..... | Mr. Sherrard's Lady Mary, by Emilius. |
| Carlisle, July 1..... | Mr. Vansittart's Galaor, by Muley Moloch. |
| Chelmsford, August 30..... | Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen. |
| Chester, May 5..... | Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax. |
| Doncaster, September 12..... | Mr. Ramsay's Moss Trooper, by Liverpool. |
| Edinburgh, October 20..... | { Mr. W. R. Ramsay's Whistle Blinkie, by Round Robin. |
| Egham, August 25..... | Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen. |
| Goodwood, July 27..... | Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules. |
| Guildford, July 20..... | Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe. |
| Hampton, June 16..... | Sir W. M. Stanley's Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary. |
| Ipswich, July 19..... | Mr. Bignold's b. c. by Emilius out of Memima. |
| Lancaster, July 21..... | Mr. Kitching's Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy. |
| Leicester, September 15..... | { Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Bizarre out of Flambeau's dam. |
| Lewes, August 10..... | Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by the Saddler. |
| Lichfield, September 20..... | Mr. Saunders's Miss Kitty Cockle, by Cadland. |
| Lincoln, September 21..... | Mr. Ramsay's Moss Trooper, by Liverpool. |
| Liverpool, July 14..... | Mr. Meiklam's Aristotle, by Physician. |
| Manchester, May 19..... | Mr. Heseltine's The Shadow, by The Sadler. |
| Newcastle, June 21..... | Mr. Kitching's Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy. |
| Newmarket, April 26, (for mares) | Mr. Batson's Barbara, by Plenipotentiary. |
| Newmarket, April 28..... | Mr. Coombe's The Nob, by Glaucus. |
| Newmarket, September 29.... | { Lord Albemarle's b. c. by Plenipotentiary out of Antiope. |
| Northampton, August 25..... | { Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler. |
| Nottingham, October 7..... | Mr. S. King's Cattonite, by Muley Moloch. |
| Plymouth, &c., August 10..... | Sir S. Spry's Grateful (half-bred), by Defence. |
| Salisbury, August 3..... | Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe. |
| Shrewsbury, May 12..... | Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini. |
| Warwick, September 8..... | Mr. Greville's Welfare, by Priam. |
| Weymouth, August 11..... | Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe. |
| Winchester, June 24..... | Mr. Wreford's Warden by Glencoe. |
| York, August 22..... | Col. Cradock's The Provost, by The Saddler. |

AT THE CURREAGH.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| York, August 23 (for mares)... | { Mr. Lancaster's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch. |
| April 26..... | Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark. |
| April 28..... | Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark. |
| April 29..... | Mr. St. George's Waterwitch. |
| June 15..... | Mr. St. George's Jolly Tar. |
| June 16..... | Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark. |
| June 18..... | { Lord Howth's St. Laurence, by Skylark or Lapwing. |
| September 7..... | Lord Howth's Morpeth, by Pantaloon. |
| September 9..... | Captain Needham's Red Rose, by Rough Robin. |
| October 19..... | Mr. Ferguson's Fireaway, by Frenay. |
| October 20..... | Mr. S. Barry's Bangor. |

REVIEW OF THE LAST ENGLISH RACING SEASON.

BY JUDEX.

My summary shall be as brief as the recapitulation of so many events will permit; at the same time it is not my intention to omit one that may in any way interest the reader who has doubtless travelled with me throughout this remarkable season.

On the 5th of February, then, there was a general meeting of the Jockey Club for the purpose of finally settling a dispute known to the public as the "Gurney affair." To show you how well the Club succeeded in their object, it is but necessary to add that on the 14th of the same month appeared a long protest signed by Lord Geo. Bentinck, and on the 22d a public trial took place—Thornton v. Messrs. Portman, Beales, and Clark—which was won by the plaintiff in a trot. The late Duke of Cleveland died in this month, rendering void a vast number of nominations, and his Grace's stud was soon after disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall.

Warwick Spring is the first meeting I observe on my list. Lord Westminster's William de Fortibus won the Trial Stakes, this being the first race for which the Noble Marquis started a horse since changing his trainer. Auckland now became a great favorite for the Derby, notwithstanding there were a limited number of neverfull books about him during the winter.

The Epsom Spring took place on the 30th of March, Easter falling in my Lady's lap. After a false start and race, Pharmacopœia won the Trial Stakes, Mr. Forth's Vibration second—a position Mr. Forth has been lucky enough to obtain in several great races, this and many other years.

At Croxton Park, the Granby Handicap was won by Chance, 5 yrs., 10st., half-bred. Thirteen started, and the pedigree of the winner was objected to.

On the 11th of April came off the worst Craven Meeting I ever recollect at Newmarket. It lasted but four days, and there were but sixteen races.

Four started for the Riddlesworth, value £1,500, and Gunter won. Chatham walked over for the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, and, it was the general opinion, received something handsome not to start for the Column, won consequently by Lord George Bentinck's Flycatcher, his Lordship's first start since removing his stud from Stockbridge. Canadian won the great Sweepstakes on Thursday, beating Barrier and Chatham, the latter having previously tumbled head over heels, throwing Nat, and breaking his collar bone. There was no race for the Port, Coronation breaking down a few days before the meeting.

In the week intervening between this and the First Spring Lord George Bentinck published a multitude of statements, and there was a second general meeting of the Jockey Club. About twenty-

five members were present, and, for a time, there was a kind of a sort of an amicable termination of the affair, that is—the Gurney affair, for this was still in hand.

The Bath Union Meeting was held also this week. There were two formerly. The attendance was wretched. There were forty-seven subscribers to the Somersetshire Stakes, fourteen accepted and ten started; won by Tripoli, three years, a feather; Bellissima, aged, 7st. 13lb., second. For the Cup, Topsail beat Eleus a head, 3 to 1 being betted on Eleus. Even this did not open people's eyes to the evident fact that there had been some mistake as to the trial of Eleus and Coldrenick, a horse backed to win the Derby for thousands and thousands.

The First Spring Meeting was good as its predecessor was bad. There were twenty-nine races in the five days. Meteor won the 2,000 Guineas Stakes in a canter, Wiseacre second; eight started. Atila made his *debut* as a three year old on the Wednesday, and won his race by one hundred yards. Very few people witnessed this, however, high and low being attracted in another direction to see a prize-fight: Broome and Bungaree, the candidates for pugilistic honor.

Seven ran for the 1,000 Guineas Stakes; Firebrand won in a canter although not backed for one penny, and it is a curious fact that the winners of the two great races (the 2,000 and 1,000) were not here backed at any price whatever for either Derby or Oaks, although both easy winners. Only four started for the Newmarket Stakes, which were won by Canadian by about two lengths.

The Chester Meeting, for the first time limited to four days (one too many), commenced on the Tuesday. There were sixty-four subscribers to the Cup; thirty-eight accepted, and twenty-one started. Alice Hawthorn, 6st. (actually carried 6st. 6lb. without any declaration!!) won; Lanercost, 9st. 9lb., second; Marshal Soult, favorite at starting, fell at the last turn home; the jockey escaped uninjured. Combermere won the Dee Stakes by a head, William de Fortibus second; nine started. The Hippodrome, which should have been this week, was not. Thus nine pages of the book calendar, engagements for several hundred horses, were at once, and most unceremoniously on the part of the proprietors, blotted out.

The Second Spring Meeting was, I regret to write, as usual, a miserable failure as regards the attendance on the heath. There were yet ten races in the three days. For the Rowley Mile Plate, Balinkeel, his first race in England, was beat a head by Seahorse. There were twenty-seven subscribers to the Suffolk Stakes, twelve accepted, and seven started. Bob Peel, 8st. 5lb., won cleverly; Ralph, 8st. 10lb., second.

The Gorhambury Meeting tends much to injure the Second Spring; thirty-four subscribed to the stakes, eleven accepted, and nine ran. Bob Peel, 8st. 10lb. (including 5lb. extra), won easy; Rosalind, 3 yrs., 6st., second; Humbug, afterwards sold to Mr. Theobald for £500, won the Two-year-old Stake in a canter; thirteen started. Punctuality was strictly observed here for the first time.

On the Thursday before Epsom a new and commodious subscription-room was opened by Messrs. Tattersall: the subscribers, with one exception, signed a paper, confessing themselves amenable to the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club—heretofore, in case of dispute, entitled to demand their interference and protection; the solitary exception being no other than Lord George Bentinck, still a member of the Jockey Club, which club his Lordship still sets the amiable example of setting at defiance.

I now arrive at Epsom, concerning which I must say *multum in parvo*, for my notes appear to increase as I advance.

The entry for the Craven was large but weak. Satirist was the only public horse of any pretensions. He was beat a head by Lucy Banks. Soon after this race Mr. Greville publicly declared that Canadian, purchased by him of the Duke of Grafton for 2,000 guineas, and 1,000 more if he won the Derby, was lame and would not start. About the same time Auckland fell in the betting from 7 to 40 to 1. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that he had been unceasingly laid against by two or three parties during the winter, and that the Marquis's regular jockey was taken off, Tommy Lye being substituted at the last moment, convinced me that the prophecy of JUDEx was, by some nefarious means (counteracted in the case of Coronation), not to be fulfilled. The horse, after all the precautions, ran third. I do not say that he ever could have won; but *I know* he was tried to be an extraordinary good horse.

Twenty-four started for this immense Derby, five less than in 1841. Colonel Anson's Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress, won very easy, Robert de Gorham, the worst favorite at starting, being placed second. The betting on this race had been unusually heavy. One hundred and fifteen horses were individually backed to win, yet as little as 6 to 4 was taken, and to an immense amount, about Coldrenick, trained and rode by John Day, nowhere in the race. Four (ten thousand) yearling books were here concluded, and the very fact of their being each *round* and large winners, was surely sufficient to show that the betting had been most unnatural and artificial, and that the settling day would clear up the mystery. On the day after the Derby some gentlemen were put down winners to the tune of seventy thousand pounds. Where was this sum to come from? Alas, where? Attila was purchased when a yearling for £200.

There was no Cup on the Thursday, and no one hardly on the Downs. The Oaks was harmless as a betting race. The two favorites were not placed, and Mr. Dawson's Our Nell, by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp, won cleverly; Meal, trained by Forth, second. Sixteen started. The favorite had previously won this race four years successively.

The very thought of the settling day makes me tremble. The absentees were—

| | | | |
|-------------|---------|----------------|--------|
| Mr. A. | £22,000 | Mr. D. | £5 500 |
| Mr. B. | 18 800 | Mr. H. | 3,000 |
| Mr. C. | 13 000 | Mr. M. | 4,000 |
| Mr. C. | 2,000 | Mr. W. S. | 5,500 |
| Mr. F. | 10,000 | | |

There were other little men. Since the day, I regret to tell you, but shall not conceal the fact, that of the above sums, less than £10,000 has been forthcoming.

In spite of the above disastrous report, a capital meeting took place at Newton. The fact is, the Manchester men escaped comparatively harmless. The Golborne Stakes were won by Maria Day (in the Oaks named by Mr. Osborne) in a canter. Eleven started.

ASCOT.—No general election this year disturbed the festivities of the Royal race-course. Her Majesty and her Majesty's Minister were received alike with acclamations that literally rent the air. The vase was won by St. Francis (rather James Robinson), the Nob running second; Bee's-wing, following the example of Lanercost in 1841, being beat for this but to win the Cup with the greater ease. In this latter race Lanercost fell lame, and his owner was so indiscreet as to publish a letter in *Bell's Life*, hinting that his horse had been made safe. Bosh! Five started. Fields of fourteen and thirteen came to the post for the two Wokinghams; and in spite of the unprecedentedly hot weather, the attendance was greater, and the betting as heavy, as I ever remember it. There were twenty-five races in the four days, and the committee of the grand stand announced that they had eight hundred pounds in hand, to be appropriated to next year's races. It was here made public also that the Marquis of Westminster and his trainer had settled their differences, arising out of the Auckland affair at Epsom. Sir Gilbert Heathcote here also dismissed his jockey, Chapple; but I am happy to say has since re-engaged him. A brilliant meeting.

Some real good sport, well patronised and well regulated, took place at Hampton. Three started for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, won by the Knight of the Whistle, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.; Vibration, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb., second; Our Nell, 5st. 10lb., winner of the Oaks, being last.

A first rate meeting took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Six started for the St. Leger, won easy by Master Thomas. The Tyro Stakes were won by Winesour, British Yeoman, the favourite, not being placed. The Two-year-old Stake, won by Wee Pet, British Yeoman second, Winesour last. To the Northumberland Plate there were eighty-eight subscribers; sixty-one accepted and thirteen started; the winner, out of Scott's stable, was not backed for one guinea!!! Heslington, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb., won by two lengths; Squire, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb., second. Bee's-wing once more won the Cup, having won it every year, with the exception of 1840, for the last seven years. What did Mr. Orde do with his cups? By the will of this gentleman, recently deceased, I believe Bee's-wing will never start again. The old mare is the winner of fifty races, including twenty-three gold cups! Such a meeting was never before known at Newcastle.

The Bibury and Stockbridge meetings were held the same week, and although compressed into two days, were wretchedly attended and spiritless.

A poor meeting was the Cheltenham: I question if they will

ever see another. Yet there were 64 subscribers to the Gloucestershire Stakes: 13 accepted and 8 started: Bellona, 8st. 5lb., won; Millepede, 7st. 8lb., second. There were only six races in two days, and the fog on the course much as usual. Lest the Gurney affair should not have annoyed the sporting world sufficiently, on the 2d of July Mr. Thornton brought an action against the stewards of the Jockey Club for having published him a defaulter in some of the newspapers (the *Morning Post* the only one wise enough to decline inserting the libel). The trial lasted ten hours: verdict for the plaintiff, damages £200. The money and expenses, about a thousand more, were paid of course by the Club, and not by the stewards. At the trial, it was amusing to see some members of the Club (two) taking active part against themselves.

The July Meeting was wretchedly attended, in spite of the fact that the Cambridge installation took place the same week. Only six animals started for the July Stakes, and a pretty lot they were—Mr. Thornhill's Extempore won, Macremma filly second. Nine started for the Chesterfield, won by Canton, the second in the July, with 4lb. extra, second again. There were ten races in the three days.

The Liverpool July Meeting is now second to none in Great Britain, thanks to the individual exertions of Mr. Lynn, secretary, and Lord George Bentinck. Five started for the Mersey, which Philip won easy, beating Maria Day a long way. As Lord Westminster's mare won her race on the Friday, it was the general opinion that it was not her right running. John Day here rode for the Noble Marquis, first time for many years. To the Cup there were 91 subscribers: 32 accepted, and 20 started. This was very much the best handicap of the year. After the most decided dead heat between Vulcan, 8st. 9lb., and Rhodomanthe, 7st., the former won by a neck. The riding of John Day, jun., and Chapple in both races was perfect. I cannot say as much for Tommy Lye's on Belcœur, for the St. Leger; ten started, and Fireaway won by a head, but it was a false run race. Auckland was started, and did *not* break down; he was, however, beat a quarter of a mile. There were twenty-five races in the three days. The intelligence of the melancholy death of the Duke of Orleans reached England this week: his Royal Highness's horse Nautilus was, of course, sent back to France, although the editor of a weekly sporting paper had the exquisite taste to suggest that he should run out his engagement at Goodwood, the next meeting I proceed to speak of.

On the first day here there were no less than eleven races. The Lavant Stakes were won easy by the Caster, the property of Lord Maidstone, his Lordship's first race. Attila, never beat before, could not master the 8lb. extra, two miles and a quarter. The Drawing-room Stakes were won by Envoy, Seahorse beating Attila for second place half a length; eight started. The Gratwicke (3,600) stakes were won by Lord Verulam's Robert de Gorham according to the judge only twenty lengths; after this, many thought and said, "The Derby was all wrong." Sir Hercules should have again fathered the winner: who shall say? The other great stake,

the Ham, was won in a canter by Lord Eglinton's Aristides, by Bay Middleton out of Dr. Caius's dam, not a bad bred one. To the Goodwood Stakes there were one hundred and fifty-one subscribers; a worse handicap never was published, but I blame not the handicappers; no man or men in this world can fairly put together the like number. Fifty accepted, and twenty started. Retriever, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb., won by six lengths, Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, 4 yrs., 6st. 9lb., second. The betting on this race was unusually good, ten horses were backed at or under ten to one. The favorites were nowhere. The Caster, 7lbs. extra, won the Molecombe just as easy as he won the Lavant; he is not in the Derby, but he is in the St. Leger. Misdeal, 6lbs. extra, won the racing stakes in a canter; eight started. Meteor and Wiseacre were lame. The Cup was a most interesting race; Judex, as in 1811, won in a hand canter; nine started, and considering the performances of The Squire, and other horses engaged, we may fairly say that Charles XII. is a real good horse, one in a million, such a one as you do not often see. Mr. Forth, for the fifth time in his life, obtained second place. Retriever, of course, won the Chesterfield Cup just as easily as the Goodwood Stakes, there being no penalty attached, as there should be, for winning the latter. There were 38 subscribers, and 14 started. There were 35 races in the five days. We may live a century and not witness such another meeting as Goodwood, 1842.

Brighton naturally follows Goodwood, and I believe there is every chance that the races here will shortly resume their once exalted position. As it is, there were 49 subscribers to the stakes; 19 accepted, and 11 started. Belgrade, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb., won easy; Nora Creina second. The meeting was respectably attended, although so many gentlemen connected with racing were compelled to be at Guildford, in consequence of Mr. Greville's action against the *Sunday Times* newspaper for libel; plaintiff won, damages £250. There will, however, be another trial about this.

The Huntingdon meeting was the same week as Brighton. There were 33 subscribers to the stakes; 13 accepted, 7 started. Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, won, 7st. 3lb.; I-am-not-aware, 7st. 7lb., second. Including heats, there were fourteen races run here in the two days.

There was not a great deal of sport at Wolverhampton, and many gentlemen were absent in consequence of the disturbances that now prevailed in the collieries. There were 42 subscribers to the stakes: 12 accepted, and 5 started. Thirsk, 6st. 12lb., won; Retriever, 7st. 8lb., being second. An objection was made, but overruled. Hyllus won the Cup, this being the first race he ever won in his life, and Seahorse beat Jack! (the Derby Jack) one hundred yards. There were 34 subscribers to the Holyoake; 18 accepted, and 7 started; won by Retriever, carrying 7st. 11lb.; Hyllus, 9st. 6lb., being beat only half a length.

The Oxford Meeting did not take place. Would that it had ceased to exist five years ago; we should not have then to regret poor Conolly.

Egham cannot support three days ; with such capital stewards as are appointed for next year, two will be all sufficient. For one of the plates here there were six heats ; however rare, this is not an unprecedented occurrence.

York is destined to re-appear, although on this occasion there was no racing worthy any more notice than that I bestow on the Hungerford diversions.

The Northampton Autumn Meeting was a decided failure. There were yet 24 subscribers to the stakes and 14 acceptances. Three started ; Rochester, 6st., won ; Thirsk, 7st. 9lb., second. For the Queen's Plate, Warden and the Currier ran a dead heat. I mention this simply to observe that the past has been an extraordinary year for the number of races ending thus. I have not time to specify the different instances, but they would fill half a column of your journal. Some say that Judge Clark is losing his sight !

On the last day of August were advertised the sale of Lord George Bentinck's stud by private contract (123 animals), the sale of the Earl of Chesterfield's and Col. Anson's studs by auction (100 lots) at Bretly, and the sale by auction of the Marquis of Westminster's stud at Eaton Hall. I need scarcely add that very few were sold.

WARWICK.—There were the extraordinary number of 124 subscribers to the Leamington Stakes ; 41 accepted and 10 started. Una, 6st. 11lb., won, after running a dead heat with the Brother to Plenipo, 7st. 4lb. There were more gentlemen at this meeting than I ever remember. The races were run punctually as clock-work, and the Hon. Captain Rous is appointed steward for next year.

The exertions of a party of noblemen and gentlemen in 1841 to restore Doncaster to its pristine celebrity, and the spirited manner in which the town council responded, can hardly be forgotten. One thousand sovereigns were voted, and the same sum I do not hesitate to tell you is to be forthcoming in the ensuing year. Arrangements are in progress by which the meeting will be reduced to four days, and the great handicap, in future, will be run for on the Wednesday. There were 106 subscribers to this the first year of its existence ; 41 accepted, and 14 came to the post. It is rare for a three-year-old to win a race of this description, but such was the case here, although they made Charles XII. first favorite, carrying 9st. 11lb. : the handicappers take especial care that the good horses in the country shall have little chance of winning a handicap. Only five started for the Champagne ; won by A British Yeoman (what names men do give their horses !) in a canter ; The Caster was the favorite, and here Scott commenced the first bad week he has had at Doncaster for many years. Seventeen started for the Great St. Leger, value of the stake £3,650. The betting was not, as is usually the case, confined to the money laid between one and the field : some ten or a dozen horses in the race were heavily backed, and this was a proof to many that the Attila party could not be over sanguine, or they would not back every horse in the race. Yet on the Sunday and Monday, the crack was backed

for vast sums of money, at 7, 6, and 5 to 4: at the Red House he was dead as a stone (a common expression used to signify that the horse is beat); Blue Bonnet, much spurred, won at last, cleverly; Seahorse, persevering to the end, was placed second. Fireaway looked well at the distance, but, as at Goodwood, when called upon, stopped and kicked. My fancy, Rosalind, was, with Attila, nowhere; but although not fortunate enough to prophecy the winner, I can only say, I am more proud of the letter that appeared on the Saturday before this race than of any one you ever did me the honor to publish. If any one thinks me presumptuous, I will only beg that he will hark back, and read the opinion there expressed of each horse in the race. It is an extraordinary fact that the winner was never mentioned in the betting until the Sunday. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Dawson for the excellent manner in which he kept the secret. Bee's-wing once more won the cup, beating Charles (amiss), The Shadow and Attila—the latter was beat in the first quarter of a mile. The Yeoman won the Two-year-old Stake, beating Maria Day a head, and a large field a long way, Scott started three. Why? Col. Cradock's Sally beat the winner of the St. Leger for the Park Hill Stake. It was unlikely that a mare should come out twice in four days, having never been right before in her life, although engaged in all the largest stakes in the kingdom. There were but sixteen races run in the five days. Lord Eglinton is appointed steward for 1843.

Liverpool Autumn meeting dies a natural death, the most liberal donations of public money having failed to secure it support. There were thirteen races run in the two days. Sixty-one subscribed to the Heaton Park Stakes; twelve accepted and started; Collina, 8st. 4lb., won; Shadow, same weight, second. There were thirty-four subscribers to the Palatine; eight started. Won by Proof Print, 5st. Disclosure, 8st., second.

The First October Meeting commenced and finished in September. I question if Newmarket will long continue to boast of three meetings in the autumn. The attendance of this was wretched. Only four started for the Grand Duke Michael. Misdeal won in a canter. The unfortunate Canadian was taken ill soon after this race, and died in eight-and-forty hours. Pickpocket won the Hopeful very easy, as easy as Treaty won the Rutland, beating Macremma and Bastile. There were ten races and torrents of rain in the three days.

The Marquis of Westminster once more changes his trainer.

At Richmond Beeswing did not show for the Cup. Alice Hawthorn here beat Sally in a canter, and one cannot even now think of the Chester Cup without horror.

The Second October Meeting was a brilliant affair. First day seven races. The Clearwell was won by a head only by Napier. Five started. Murat ought to have won. There were thirty-one subscribers to the Cesarewitch, value £895. Eighteen started, and Arcanus won by a neck; Florence, Ralph, and Bellissima were not beat above three quarters of a length. Judex selected Ralph to win, and had James Robinson rode him, he certainly would have won.

It was a splendid race. There was very little betting, and there were not many books. There were no Garden Stakes, but there was a meeting of the Jockey Club, when it was resolved that the Club would no more take cognizance of disputed bets. The Jockey Club, for want of a leader, has not distinguished itself during the past season. Murat beat Napier in a canter for the Prendergast. There were twenty-five races during the week, and a long discussion as to what horses were to be considered in Scott's lot, and what were not. People must hear their own voices, and as there was no Iliona to talk about, they started this new question. My opinion about it has appeared so recently, I shall not repeat it. The Derby betting was very heavy—too heavy to last.

We had nothing to complain of in the Houghton but the weather; this was, as it generally is, detestable. Some talk of bringing forward the three October meetings, but no steps taken towards such an improvement. Lord George Bentinck won the Criterion with Gaper, a horse that very likely will not start for the Derby, and that very likely will, for the declaration published amounts to this, and no more. Eight started, and the winner was not backed for a guinea; he won in a canter. Eighteen started for the Cambridgeshire, value £1,080; won by Ralph, four years old, 8st. 7lb.; Florence, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb., second. Very little betting, but a very fine handicap, there having been 54 acceptances. Murat beat Testy in a slovenly manner for the Two-year-old Stake. There were two classes in the Nursery, because there were more than twelve acceptances; if there were one hundred in the Goodwood Stakes, there would be only one class. Cotherstone, 8st. 4lb., and Bessy Bedlam, f., 7st. 13lb., ran a dead heat for one, and Sister to Combat, called half-bred, won the other easy. I have a high opinion of Cotherstone, and think him a very improving horse. There were thirty-eight races during the week, twelve being reserved for the last day, Saturday.

I have not space to say much of the Derby favorites. I rarely remember so many bad horses out; indeed, there are only two I would take a hundred to one about for the Derby. A British Yeoman is a race-horse, and ought to have won his race at Doncaster by six lengths instead of a head. Aristides is the other; he was dead at Doncaster, or never could have been beat by such an animal as Napier. Aristides is engaged in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Yeoman has no engagement. Murat is in the Column and 2,000 Guineas Stakes. Among the two-year-olds not out, Sir Gilbert Heathcote's are well spoken of; indeed, the worthy Baronet's lot is in such estimation as it never was in before at the same period of the year. Cheriot and Everton are reported to be magnificent horses, and it must be confessed there are an unusual number of stables dark; among these are Kent's, Dilly's, and Trenn's.

The season is concluded—the bell rings—the curtain falls, and

(Exit)

JUDEX.

Nov. 7, 1842.

London Morning Post.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At a General Meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket during the Second October Meeting, it was unanimously resolved:

"That the Jockey Club and Stewards thereof will henceforth take no cognisance of any disputes or claims in respect to debts.

"They would recommend all persons having disputes thereupon to decide the same by referees, one to be chosen by each of the parties, and the two to select a third."

The Duke of Portland has resigned the occupation of the Heath-land at Newmarket.

The Eaton Stud is now under the *surveillance* of Mr. Thomas Horsley, formerly training-groom to the late John Mytton, Esq., and latterly to the late Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, Bart.

Mr. J. Rogers has sold his three-year-old c. Bridegroom to go to Vienna, for 600 gs. He was last year turned out of training as good for nothing; was then sent to Rogers's; and having won a race in October, was thought better of, and was kept on. This year he has won eight races out of nine, including three Queen's Plates, and has now been sold for twelve times the value put upon him twelve months since.

Nearly 200 blood-stock have been shipped at Hull within the last two months for Prince A. Leichtenstein, Prince George Karsly, the Duke of Brunswick, and Mr. Lichtwald.

Sporting Obituary.—The Sporting World has deeply to regret the loss of one of the brightest ornaments of the British Turf, in the death of William Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, the owner of the celebrated mare Bee's-wing, and other horses of note. His demise was very sudden, and took place on Sunday, the 16th of October. He was walking on the preceding day in the garden of the Queen's Head at Morpeth, his native town, in full health and spirits, when he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and remained in a state of insensibility till three o'clock on the following afternoon, when he expired. If Mr. Orde was at all times an honor to the Turf, always running to win, in private life he was equally respected for his many virtues. He had a heart which sympathised with suffering humanity, and at the festive board he was a most social companion, which he ever adorned by his vast fund of wit and anecdote. As a magistrate he was the friend of the unfortunate—his motto mercy; as a master, kind; and as a landlord, liberal and indulgent. In Northumberland his death will be deeply deplored, and his memory long held in grateful remembrance. The victorious career of his stud, particularly of his favorite "t'ould mare," will years hereafter be the theme of the Sportsman's reminiscences; and his various race-horses all from the Ardrossan mare out of Elisa, bought at Mr. Riddell's sale for £26, furnished him with more splendid sideboard ornaments than any Turfman of the day. Mr. Orde was in his 69th year.

We have also to announce the death of W. H. Irby, Esq., another influential Member of the Turf, which took place on Monday in the Houghton Meeting at his lodgings at Newmarket. For some months past Mr. Irby had been out of health, and at Goodwood House during the late races he suffered severely from a rupture of a blood-vessel in the stomach. On Sunday, the 23d, a recurrence of the hæmorrhage took place, followed by a restless night, with occasional faintings, and in one of those fits of syncope he ceased to exist, about 11 o'clock on Monday morning. The probable immediate cause of death was the rupture of some large vessel with internal bleeding. The loss of this gentleman will be severely felt by a very numerous circle of friends. Mr. Irby was a cousin of Lord Boston, and a constant frequenter of the Newmarket and principal Racing Meetings in the kingdom.

Death of Mr. George Clark—By the death of Mr. George Clark, of Barnby Moor, which took place on Wednesday, the following engagements will become void at Epsom and Doncaster:—For the Derby, Phillip and Abernethy; for the Oaks, Ameine; for the St. Leger, Phillip, The Era, and Abernethy; for the Park Hill Stakes, Ameine. Sunday Times.

"Nimrod," (Charles J. Apperley, Esq.) has just published two very elegant octavo volumes under the title of "Nimrod Abroad," a copy of which we hope to receive in a few days. In noticing this work, which is generally much praised by the London press, the "Era" thus speaks of Harkaway's race for the Goodwood Cup:—

We perceive at page 191 of the second volume, a singular error touching Harkaway's time for the Goodwood Cup. it is said to have been 3 minutes and 56 seconds; it was 4 minutes and 58 seconds, as recorded by ourselves and our sporting contemporaries, though the handbills of the present day, to enhance the value of the horse for the stud, assert the distance to have been covered in 4 minutes and 27 seconds. This is too important a mistake in a sporting work not to be rectified.

We see by the notices and extracts of the English papers that "Nimrod" made quite useful to him the bound volumes of the "Spirit of the Times," which we presented to him two years since. One paper remarks that

"The second volume carries us to the West. We have racing in the United States, trip on to Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Halifax, &c. We have next some records of Indian and Russian sports, and, after half a hundred rambles in other countries, return to Chantilly at the Spring meeting of 1841. Nimrod does not let the grass grow under his feet; what he has not seen some friend of his has, and he dashes in with quotations from his correspondence with all the freshness of original writing. Some of the extracts from the American sporting papers are "uncommon slick." For the first time we learnt by Mr. Apperley's pages to consider WASHINGTON a Fox Hunter."

Sale of the Earl of Chesterfield's thoroughbred Stock, Driving Horses, Hacks, &c.—Another large draft from the noble earl's valuable racing and hunting stud took place on Wednesday, at Tattersall's, and attracted a numerous attendance of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf. His lordship's celebrated race horse, the Knight of the Whistle, by Velocidade, was sold for 95 guineas; Barbarian, 195 gs; Van Puff, a hack, regularly driven by his lordship at Newmarket, 90 gs; Cockade, hunter, 100 gs; Claude Duval, the Earl's well-known steeple-chaser, 130 gs; White Stockings, his lordship's cab-horse, 140 gs; Fire King hunter, 27 gs; Sheffield, 165 gs.; besides which, Amy Robsart, Pioneer, and a number of chesnut, black, and brown ponies, were brought to the hammer. The earl accompanied by some fashionable friends was present during part of the sale: and the lots were described in the catalogue as the property of a nobleman going abroad.

The Marquis of Westminster's Stud—The following list of the stallions, brood mares, racing and young stock that compose the Earl's stud at the present moment, will be the best answer to the statements that have appeared in the metropolitan and local press touching the noble lord's "retirement from the turf":—

| STALLIONS. | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------|
| Pantaloon | BROOD MARES. | Touchstone |
| Banter | Lampon | Pasquinade |
| Decoy | Languish | Reort |
| Ghuznee | Laura | Sarcasm |
| Isabel | Maid of Honor | Shiraz |
| HORSES IN TRAINING. | | |
| Prince Edward | Maria Day | |
| Sister to Satirist | Brother to Cardinal Puff | |
| Colt by Touchstone, out of Languish | Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura | |
| Filly by Touchstone, out of Decoy | Filly by Touchstone—Maid of Honor | |
| YEARLINGS. | | |
| Colt by Touchstone, out of Laura | Filly by Touchstone, out of Decoy | |
| Colt by Touchstone, out of Miss Giles | Filly by Touchstone—Maid of Honor | |
| Filly by Camel, out of Banter | | |
| FOALS. | | |
| Colt by Camel, out of Banter | Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura | |
| Colt by Touchstone out of Decoy | Filly by Touchstone, out of Languish | |
| Colt by Touchstone, out of Morea | Filly by Camel, out of Sarcasm | |
| Filly by Touchstone, out of Isabel | Bell's Life in London. | |

THE NEWMARKET JOCKIES.

To the Editor of "Bell's Life in London, Sir: Perhaps the following may be deemed more worthy than my last of a corner in your invaluable paper. It is a "true and correct" account of the riding of the principal jockies at *Newmarket alone*, for the year 1842.

| Won Lost Total | | | Won Lost Total | | |
|----------------------|----|----|----------------|------------------|---------|
| Robinson..... | 27 | 35 | 62 | Hall..... | 2 7 9 |
| Nat..... | 24 | 37 | 61 | J. Howlett..... | 2 19 21 |
| S. Rogers..... | 17 | 25 | 42 | T. Day..... | 1 0 1 |
| T. Lye..... | 9 | 15 | 24 | Cassidy..... | 1 7 8 |
| E. Edwards..... | 9 | 17 | 26 | S. Chifney..... | 1 12 13 |
| J. Day..... | 8 | 13 | 21 | Whit-house..... | 1 14 15 |
| F. Butler..... | 7 | 30 | 37 | Wakefield..... | 1 18 19 |
| S. Bartholomew..... | 5 | 17 | 22 | J. Day, jun..... | - 1 1 |
| S. Mann..... | 5 | 20 | 25 | Stagg..... | - 1 1 |
| Chapple..... | 5 | 30 | 35 | W. Day..... | - 2 2 |
| R. Pettit..... | 5 | 28 | 33 | Holmes..... | - 4 4 |
| W. Scott..... | 4 | 1 | 5 | Bell..... | - 4 4 |
| Sly..... | 4 | 11 | 15 | Stephenson..... | - 5 5 |
| S. Darling, jun..... | 3 | 4 | 7 | Crouch..... | - 5 5 |
| S. Darling..... | 3 | 17 | 20 | W. Boyce..... | - 3 3 |

I have put an undecided dead heat down to the winning score. No doubt that had not Nat broken his collar bone he would have stood No. 1 on the list. The total number of horses that went past the post at Newmarket this year, was 596, winners 144, losers 452. This compared with 39, 40, and 41. shews a decided increase of horses.

I am yours, &c. &c.

N. R. F.

November 14:h, 1842.

BEE'S WING.

To the Editor of "Bell's Life" in London, Sir: Since I wrote to you a few days ago, I see by the Newcastle papers that part of the stud of the late Wm. Orde, Esq., are advertised to be sold, viz.:—Charley Boy, Johnny Boy, Queen Bee, Beeswax, and The Orphan Boy—all out of Bee's-wing's dam; and it is even reported that the incomparable "Bee's-wing" was also to be disposed of; this I trust is a fabrication, because I cannot think it possible that the kin of such a noble and honest hearted sportsman as Mr. Orde was, would ever think of parting with his honest favorite "Bee's-wing;" those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Orde, and who have been in his company can never forget with what enthusiasm and delight he talked of his old favorite.

A gentleman belonging to this county offered him £4 000 for her; his reply was that he never intended to sell her; he had two offers made for her in the

south, one £4,000, and another of £6 000; but he said, "my friend, if I thought there was any chance of her going out of Northumberland I would take your offer, because I would then be certain that she would remain where I wished her to be."

The people of Newcastle will not readily forget the declaration made by Mr. Orde, at Newcastle Races, 1841. He said, "gentlemen, Bee's wing belongs to you, I have only the management of her, and I am quite sure I do what you wish to her; I saw her run her first race over your course, and I pledge myself that the last race she shall ever run shall be over the course on which she ran her first."

I therefore, sincerely trust that she will not be sold, but that the pledge made by Mr. Orde while living, will be redeemed by his nephew and heir when dead.

I am most truly yours,

AGRIPPA.

[We have received a letter professing to be written by authority of Mr. Orde's executors, but without a signature, in which it is asserted that it was the wish of Mr. O. that the mare should not run after his death, and that in consequence she is about to be put to Touchstone. The writer states that the advertisement of the horses ordered for sale, was directed to be sent to this paper—we have seen nothing of it. The York papers confirm the statement that the mare has taken leave of the turf]

Flatman the Jockey.—Notwithstanding an accident which kept him out of the saddle five weeks of the early part of the season, Flatman, *alias* Nat, has ridden 145 races this year. On the last day of the Houghton Meeting, he rode ten times and won five; and it is calculated that in the five hours' racing he went over not less than forty miles.

Sunday Times.

The Marquis of Waterford has purchased Mr. T. B. Kelly's *Firefly*, the winner of the Warbler Stakes at Howth Park, for 275 guineas. *Firefly* is half-bred, he was got by young Rainbow, out of Matilda. The noble Marquis has made several additions to his hunting stud.

Era.

Mr. Kitchener, of Newmarket, has bought Mr. Bowe's *Lady of Silverkeld Well*, for 25 sovs. Her ladyship is, therefore, likely to do good service in the law, and, touching race matters, to "take the will for the deed."

Sunday Times.

Lord Jersey has sold bay filly by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, 3 yrs old, to Mr. Messer; and bay yearling colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Alca, to Lord William Powlett.

Flambeau is going to the stud at Hampton Court.

The Marquis of Waterford's hounds had their first meet, Oct. 29, at Doney-gale Cover, four miles from Caher. A game fox led a gallant chase to Knockree, two miles, and was lost. They then proceeded to Kilmalogue, and got scent of another, but the lad would not break, so it was "no go." The red coats mustered numerously, upwards of 400, a splendid turn out. Among them were—the Marquis, Earl Howth, Earl Clonmel, Earl Huntingdon, Sir John Kennedy, Hon. C. O'Callaghan; Messrs. N. Herbert, J. Power, J. Bagwell, Gough, Fitzgerald, Moore, Kennedy, St. Leger, La

Mr. Roper's *Nicias* has been sold to go abroad as a stallion. He is by Emilius, out of Nanine, by Selim, and a half brother to Priam, Plenipotentiary, Mango, Recovery, Euclid, &c. His blood is identical with *The Shadow*, *The Saddler*, *The Currier*, &c. &c.

Bell's Life.

Confidence, the celebrated trotting horse imported from this city, has just been sold to Lord Henry Seymour, an English resident of Paris, where Confidence has already gone. He will meet there, the celebrated American "Grey Mare, Charlotte Temple." The horse, traps, and harness sold for \$1800.

Beeswing.—There have been various rumors abroad in respect to the destination of the celebrated Beeswing, now the property of Mr. Thomas Orde, of Nunnykirk. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state, as we are, upon the very best authority, that "t'ould mare" has taken leave of the turf for ever, and will enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* to which her long and unparalleled exertions have so justly entitled her.

Sunday Times, Nov. 20.

Notes of the Month.

JANUARY.

Turf Misadventures of 1842.—How many enthusiastic turfmen and admirers of the horse have been compelled, during the past year, to address us in relation to their favorites,

— "A few of the unpleasantest words
"That e'er man writ on paper!"

Early in the season their respective friends flattered themselves with the belief that Monarch, Josh Bell, Bee's wing, Westwind, and others, would be able to "stand another training," but each in turn has been reluctantly turned out. Subsequently Zenith, Sarah Washington, Clarion, and Winfield, partially gave way, while Nancy Clarke, Lady Canton, Emerald, and Dr. Wilson, absolutely broke down. Still more recently the most disastrous reports have reached us of Sarah Bladen and Jim Bell, and to day we are called upon to announce that Fanny is very seriously amiss. In addition to these sad disasters we have been obliged to notice as "under a cloud," the gallant Luda and Torchlight, Treasurer and Crucifix. To the list of the latter class might be added Magnate—quite the most promising horse in Kentucky—Chicopa, and half a dozen others of less note in different sections of the Union.

Altogether, the season of 1842 has been most disastrous. We have the consolation, however, of believing that the time was never known when there were so many top sawyers on the American Turf as at present. The young or comparatively untried ones, like Sally Shannon, Regent, Register, Creath, Velocity, Motto, Rapide, George Martin, Tiberius, Frosty, Ten Broeck, Fury, Nat Bradford, Kitty Harris, Young Dove, Flush, and half as many more, promise to distinguish themselves, when called upon, at the longer distances. Even if Boston and Fanny should not be trained again, we doubt if there were ever five horses on our Turf, at the same time, which could beat Fashion, Miss Foote, Reel, Blue Dick and Cassandra, at any distance. Of "first rate second rates" we have rarely had a larger number of four mile horses. So late as 1835, the best time at four mile heats, made during that year, was Post Boy's 7:52—7:52, on Long Island, when he ran against Bay Maria and Black Heath. At this day, notwithstanding the chapter of accidents noted before, there are yet remaining on the Turf not less than forty horses that can "knock the centre out" of 7:45. Of this number there are several that can "get into the thirties," and probably seven or eight more that can run a four mile heat over a good course in 7:40.

FANNY, the South Carolina Champion, Amiss—It is with infinite pain that we lay before the Sporting World the subjoined extract from a private letter just received from a gentleman at Cheraw, S. C. :—

"I regret to inform you that the hitherto invincible *Fanny* has BROKE DOWN, "and of course been turned out. I have this information from a gentleman "direct from Columbia, and cannot doubt its truth. This is truly unfortunate "for Col. HAMPTON."

We cling to the hope that the fears of her friends have magnified the extent of the injury Fanny may have received. If it is true that she is to be withdrawn, the circumstance will be a heavy blow to the Turf in South Carolina. With the exception of Monarch—and perhaps his sister, The Queen—Fanny is, probably, the most superior race horse that has appeared on the Carolina Turf—at least since the days of Psyche, Maria, and others, when the late Gen. HAMPTON, Col. ALSTON, Gen. MCPHERSON, and Col. RICHARDSON, were at its head. Fanny has signally defeated some of the best horses of the day, and has

been justly regarded by the Sporting World as having few equals. Her laurels are untarnished by defeat, and up to this time her friends would have run her at Charleston against any horse in the Union. Indeed, the South Carolina Jockey Club, so long ago as at their annual meeting in February last, invited a challenge from any quarter, to run her four mile heats over their course. We have heard that she never evidenced so much speed, nor went in such high form, as during her last training.

"Is Boston to be trained again?"—This question is asked us ten times a day, and the utmost anxiety is felt upon the subject. We can only reply that Col. JOHNSON and Mr. LONG, when we last saw them, expressed their intention of coming to a final decision of the matter on the first of this month, when it will be determined whether he is to be put into the stud or go into training again. It would not surprise us if the gallant veteran came out next Spring and gave Fashion another "turn!" "It takes him!"

"Old Charles."—We were agreeably surprised to hear a few days since that this capital trainer was in the employment of Col. SINGLETON, of South Carolina. Cornelius, after a long career, in which he has distinguished himself by his faithfulness and ability, has retired, we presume. Very few men in the profession have won more reputation than "Old Charles;" within the last four years he has trained principally for Mr. GARRISON and Mr. HARE, of Virginia. Wagner, Virginia Fairfield, Andrewetta, Willis, Job, and others, made their best races in his hands. A correspondent informs us that Col. Singleton's corps of cavalry is stronger this season than it has been since the days of Godolphin.

Partnerships in Training Stables—The following observations have been addressed to the editor of one of the London papers, "On the evils resulting from partnerships in racing stables." After some introductory remarks, the writer thus proceeds:—

Scott, I believe, trains for some eight or nine noblemen and gentlemen, and has at present in his stables, exclusive of his own "lot," twenty, or more horses, the greater part of which are entered for the principal stakes of the next season. In the course of the training, and during the trials of the different horses, their capabilities must be known to him, and this very knowledge gives him, and the party immediately connected with him, a preponderating advantage over every other member of the Turf. This in itself is injurious to the general betting; it tells also the other way, for in an establishment of such magnitude, it is possible that some one of the numerous lads and helpers there employed might be accessible to a bribe, and thus a horse made safe that otherwise had the best chance of winning his race.

I have been always opposed to a partnership in stables ever since Bessy Bedlam's year. This mare (the best of her day) was first favorite for the St. Leger, and the property of old Colonel King, than whom a more honorable man did not exist. Incapable of wrong himself, it did not enter into his imagination that any wrong could be perpetrated by another. The Colonel was not a betting man himself, though a great lover of the Turf, and most ambitious of the honor of winning a great St. Leger, and quite confident in the powers of his horse to accomplish it. Unfortunately for the Colonel, the notorious Frank Richardson rented a part of the same stable with him, in which he also had a horse that was entered for the St. Leger, and of course he had the right of access at all times. This circumstance was not lost upon the wide-awake legs, and an arrangement, it was more than suspected, was made with Frank, that he should make all safe. This he, or some one else, contrived to do on the very morning of the race. So well was the secret kept by the confederated rogues, and so careful were they in their mode of operations, that not the least suspicion got abroad, and they had no difficulty in "putting on the pot" to a great amount. No symptoms of the mare's being amiss manifested themselves until just before the race, and these symptoms were not noticed by the general body of spectators. On starting, she went off at score, but long before she reached the Red House, became evidently distressed, and was obliged to be pulled up, before she got to the distance post. By the condition of the mare after the race, it was plain to all good judges that she had been hounded, though the

fact could not be proved. The backers of Bessy lost heavily, and one or two individuals were obliged to levant. The Colonel, disgusted, soon after abjured the Turf altogether.

English Brood Mares—Mr. COLMAN, of Broadway, has on sale some very beautiful Portraits of all the mares in the late Royal Stud at Hampton Court. They are of the size of those published in this paper, and are executed in the new style of lithography—that is in three colors. Each picture is accompanied with a sheet of letter press of corresponding size, giving a memoir of the subject of it. Mr. Colman will dispose of these portraits singly (for one dollar each), or in sets, which last are in handsome covers. There has been imported into the United States not less than twenty five of the produce of these celebrated mares, principally by Messrs. HAMPTON, STOCKTON, SINGLETON, and NOTT, who, with others would be pleased to obtain these portraits, probably, as they are beautifully executed and are sold at less than half the London price. The list comprises portraits of

Fleur de Lis,
Delphine,
Rachel,
Miss Clifton,
Shortwaist,
Sultana,
Marpessa,

Nanine,
Elizabeth
Galatea,
La Danseuse,
Miss O'Neil,
Gulnare,
Belvoirina,

Maria,
Wings,
Miss Craven,
Spermaceti,
Yariffa,
Burden,
Jewess,

Young Espagnole, and the Arabian Mare.

Southern Stable Secrets.—The *on dits* we published last month of Sarah Bladen's being turned out, and of Jim Bell's being amiss, we regret to state are fully confirmed by a letter from our excellent correspondent "A Young Turfman."

He writes us from Natchez, under date of 12th Nov. that *Sarah Bladen* and *Chicopa*, in Col. BINGAMAN's stable, have given way, and that *Jim Bell* has sprung a tendon, and will not start until Spring, if he does then. He adds that *Jim Allen*, also in Messrs. KENNER's stable, has broke down, and that *Crucifix* and *Luda*, in the same string, are complaining. After hearing of Jim Bell's accident we still clung to the hope, that the Brothers Kenner would "pull through" the campaign with their usual success by the help of Luda and Crucifix, but it would seem as if misfortunes never come single, even in a racing stable. If our best wishes could assist them, they should come out this winter with a new *Grey Medoc*, and we don't know yet but what they will. *Nous verrons.*

MR. LAIRD'S STABLE.—A friend of ours who has recently visited Mr. Laird, at Colt's Neck, N. J., describes his horses as looking uncommonly well—Fashion especially. Mariner and Clarion have been sent home to their respective owners, and some of the young ones in the string are in winter quarters elsewhere. One of the principal attractions of the stable at present—Fashion of course, excepted—is Mr. GIBBONS' superb colt *Yamacraw*, coming 3 yrs. old. He is half brother to Fashion, and own brother to Mariner, being by Shark out of Bonnet's o' Blue. He is heavily engaged in stakes to come off the ensuing Spring. He is now about 15-2 in height, of the color of Fashion, and "as much like her," according to Mr. Laird, "as a colt can be like a filly." He is of course a chestnut; he has a star and white hind feet, and while his action is superlatively fine like his half sister's, he has all her good temper and gentleness. Some idea may be had of the promise of this colt when we state that repeated offers to match him against any colt in the Union have been declined. Virginia turfmen are ready to make a colt match, but *they bar Bonnets o' Blue stock!* *Yamacraw* derives his Indian name from that of a favorite plantation belonging to his owner, near Savannah, Ga.; in all respects he bids fair to support the present high reputation of his sire, his celebrated dam and still more renowned half sister. What can be finer than his pedigree,—his sire being the produce of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot, while his dam is the produce of Sir Charles and Reality? He ought to distinguish himself, and we doubt not he will.

Motto.—This fine filly—a daughter of Imp. Barefoot out of Lady Tompkins

by Eclipse, 3 yrs —won a capital race in Sept. last at Bardstown, Ky., beating a good field at two mile heats in 3:46—3:48½. The report of the race was copied into our columns from the Bardstown "Gazette," which did not give the time of the race. Mr. LINTHICUM, the Secretary of the Club, supplies the omission, and adds that in the subsequent race of mile heats, best 3 in 5, Motto lost the 5th heat "by about one foot" to McIntyre, in 1:50½.

NEW RACE COURSE AT NEW ORLEANS.

A correspondent desires us to republish the following communication which appeared in the New Orleans "American" in March last, in which the writer proposed to get up a *new race course* there. The plan is feasible enough, but we see no good reason why a *fourth* course is required. The Louisiana, Metairie, and Eclipse Courses are each excellent, and are readily accessible. The Louisiana Course especially, is exceedingly well appointed in all respects. As our correspondent is very anxious the suggestions of the writer should appear in the "Spirit," we give them a place though we still are of the opinion that the number of courses in New Orleans is already quite large enough. Propose some plan, by which to support better those already established, and we are with you, gentlemen, heart and soul.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of all, for all are or must be, more or less interested in the success of the project,—to the importance and necessity of incorporating a company in this place, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a Race Course, suited in all respects, to the taste, wishes, and expectations, of our rich and populous city. There are a great many gentlemen now here, from all parts of the Western and South Western States, who are anxious to contribute to, and feel the necessity of, such an enterprise. Turfmen of real spirit, who raise blooded stock, and run their fiery steeds, "that champ the bit and chide delay," more for the renown and glory of American horses, than the glory of gain. They are ready to co operate with us, in establishing a Track here, upon a basis, which will secure purses and accommodations, that will not fail to bring, from all parts of the United States, to this place, the finest horses in the world.

And in view of this object, I am authorized to say that the celebrated stallions, Glencoe and Leviathan, will each subscribe annually \$100—and I have no doubt that one hundred more may be added to the list on the same terms, making the handsome sum, from this source *alone*, of \$10,000 annually; and a *loan* it would only be, for they will receive it all back again, with *interest*, by the success of their colts and fillies, their Bladens and their Reels, their Medocs and their Bells upon the very Turf they help to support. With such prospects, who can or will doubt that the *project* will succeed, and we shall soon have a Course equal, if not superior to any in the Union? All are anxious to have it carried into immediate operation. Every Exchange, every Hotel, Theatre, and every other public place in the city, will be greatly benefitted by such an association, and doubtless subscribe liberally for the stock of the "New Orleans Jockey Club Association."

Let this matter be taken into hand at once, by able and competent men, and a subscription book be opened at the St. Charles Hotel, in order to ascertain *certainly* what amount can be raised for the above purpose. Although an after consideration, it may not be altogether premature to suggest that much discrimination and judgment are necessary in the selection of an eligible site for the Course. It should be nearer the city, cheaper and easier of access, to all classes of community, than those we now have. The accommodations of the ladies, members, or all, should be varied and magnificent. Then you will find, that every day during the races, with such attractions, instead of four or five hundred persons being present, as is now the case, as many thousands would be in attendance. I say, "go ahead," until the work shall be accomplished.

Yours,

D.

Calmuck—This horse, foaled in 1833, and bred by the Duke of Grafton, by Zinganee, out of Sister to Pastille, has just been purchased of Mr. T. Coleman, of St. Albans, by Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, where he will stand next season. His performances are above the average, and his blood, uniting the Whalebone and Rubens, of the highest strain.

Speedy Cure for a Foundered Horse.—A correspondent of the "South-western Farmer," has communicated the following, which we are desired to quote:—

I send you the following prescription, which you may give a place in your useful paper, if you think it will be of any advantage to planters and travellers.

As soon as you find your horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases, you may bleed him as long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up, as common in drenching, and with a spoon put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint around the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in one hour.

A founder pervades every part of the system of a horse. The phlegms arrest it from the blood; the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels, and the spirits arrest it from the feet and limbs.

I once rode a hired horse 89 miles in two days, returning him at night the second day, and his owner would not have known that he had been foundered, if I had not told him, and his founder was of the deepest kind.

I once, in a travel of 700 miles, foundered my horse three times, and I do not think that my journey was retarded more than one day by the misfortune, having in all cases observed and practised the above prescription. I have known a foundered horse turned in at night on green feed; in the morning he would be well, having been purged by the green feed.—All founders must be attended to immediately.

WM. H. TAYLOR, of Mount Airy, Va., has disposed of nearly all his bits of blood. He still retains an interest in *Totusky*, a ch. f. by Tom Hoskins (by Imp. Autocrat) out of Aurora by Arab; a promising 2 year old in Mr. O. P. HARE's stable—and a yearling b. c. by Imp. Cetus out of Multiflora (Omohondro's dam).

Young Predictor.—Some one was lately enquiring for the pedigree of the dam of this fine Irish horse recently imported into Canada. A gentleman writes us that his dam *Red Nell*, was by Rugantino (one of the best performers on the Curragh) by Commodore, etc. Reference is made to the Irish Racing Calendar

GERARD H. COSTER, Esq. of this city, claims the name of *Prescott*, for his superb black colt, by Shark out of his Sir Charles mare. Prescott will be 3 yrs. old on New Year's Day, and be trained for his Spring engagements by H. Alfred Conover, on Long Island. Like Yamacraw, and several others of Shark's get, that are coming 3 yrs. old, Prescott is in high racing form, and promises to go the pace and the distance like nothing but a good 'un.

M. A. HELM, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., claims the name of *Guayaquil* for his b. f., 2 yrs. old past, by Imp. Felt, dam by John M. Botts' Lafayette, granddam Sally Hill by Trafalgar, g. g. dam Musedora by Imp. Archduke, g. g. g. dam Proserpine by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. g. dam by Clodius, g. g. g. g. dam by Bolton, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Yorick, out of a full bred mare owned by the late Col. John Taylor (the elder), of Mount Airy, Va.

Col. JOHN LAMAR, of Macon, Geo., claims the name of *Larkspur*, for a dark bay filly, foaled 1st day of May last, by Imp. Skylark, out of Bonny Bess by Sir Hal. and she out of old Coquette, by Sir Archy.

Also that of *Skylight*, for a bay filly by Imp. Skylark, out of Autossee by Eclipse, foaled 1st day of April.

Mr. H. T. BLANTON, of Paris, Tenn., claims the name of *Gessler*, for his yearling colt by Imp. Hedgford, out of the Red Sow by Medoc. Also, the name of *McEloise*, for a last spring's colt out of the Red Sow, and by Sidi Hamet.

Dr. A. V. CONOVER, of Freehold, N. J., claims the name of *Image*, for his bay filly foal, by Imp. Langford, dam by John Richards. Also that of *Lute*, for a bay yearling filly, by Hornblower, out of Manalopan's dam, by John Richards.